

Confessio Viatoris.

IN my early childhood I knew of no church other than that in which my father ministered, and was vaguely conscious that from it there were some dissidents. These were spoken of in the country as Ranters, in the town as Wesleyans and Quakers, the only sects with which I was, however slightly, brought in contact. The village in which we lived was in the Somersetshire coal-field; the fabric of the church was disgraceful, but no one had dreamed of restoration, the communion-table was a plain four-legged piece of carpentry without a cover, such as might have stood in our kitchen, the whole Service, when there was no Communion, was read in the desk, the Sacrament was administered about four or five times in the year; the surplice was a full white gown unrelieved by any stole or scarf. My father's reading of the prayers was grave and dignified, his doctrine old-fashioned orthodox, his sermons moral essays far over the heads of his congregation, his parochial ministrations above the average of those days. We moved into the neighbouring city of Bath for the winter, where we attended the Octagon Chapel, and later Margaret's Chapel, and, on very rare occasions, the Abbey. I believe my elders found something in the Services which aided their piety, but I remember nothing which helped my own. I loathed church-going, but was not an irreligious child. My mother always prayed with her children, and till long after I was grown up always came to me after I was in bed and read me a chapter in the Bible. This nightly reading is among the happiest memories of my youth.

In Bath there were still persons who retained some of the traditions of the High Churchism of Queen Anne's time, and we learnt from them that it was an old and pious use to attend Services on Wednesday and Friday. There was even one chapel attached to an hospital for old men which retained daily prayer. There also lingered the tradition that it was well to practise some self-denial in Lent. An old physician who was

very kind to us as children then gave up snuff, and it was the only season in which we could approach him without sneezing.

The first time I was conscious of a dignified Church beyond the Anglican, and no mere body of Dissenters, was when my mother went one Holy Thursday to the Tenebræ Service at Prior Park, and gave me an account of it. She had made acquaintance, how I do not know, with a certain Father Logan, who preached the Three Hours' devotions on that occasion. I think my mother went to Prior Park now and then for some years, and all that she told me impressed me deeply. This was first when I was about eight years old, and then also, or soon afterwards, I found in my father's library a work called *Downside Discussions*, and read it with profound interest, though as may be well imagined, with little understanding. Some Protestant controversialist had challenged the Downside Fathers to a public argument on the points of difference between Rome and the Protestant Churches, and, strange to say, the challenge was accepted. A public disputation took place, and the matter ended as such encounters usually end, without apparent result. I do not remember any details, but it was clear to me that the Protestant champion had not answered all that was said on the other side.

When I was twelve or thereabouts, two books fell in my way which would have done much to make me a Catholic had there been any one to guide me; but the impression left on me by them was quite indelible. One was the well-known tale, *Father Clement*. In his recently published *Life of Mr. Philip Gosse*, the naturalist, his son, Mr. Edmund Gosse, tells us that the reading of this work gave his father the strong abhorrence of Rome which remained with him all through his life; and no doubt such was the effect intended by the author. On me the influence was quite the other way. The Protestant clergyman in the book, a Presbyterian, but put forward as a type of a Protestant minister, is asked where was his Church before the Reformation. His answer is at once so evasive and so fatuous that it was, to me, impossible to accept it for a moment, while the practices of piety inculcated on the young Papists, and held up for scorn, such as veneration for the saints, fasting, the sign of the Cross, &c., seemed to me meritorious, or at least perfectly innocent. And in so far as the hero, Father Clement, had Protestant leanings, he appeared to be leaving the more for the less worthy course.

The second book was *The Nun*, published anonymously, but known to be written by Mrs. Sherwood, the author of *The Fairchild Family*, *Little Henry and his Beaver*, and other books of a vehemently Protestant character. It is of high literary merit, and is far more true to fact than *Father Clement*. Subtracting certain absurdities of nuns kept in dungeons for heretical opinions, and secret meetings in underground chapels, when the Bishop urges putting a recalcitrant nun to death; "when a limb is affected with gangrene, my daughter, no ideas of false compassion should prevent our cutting it off;" convent life is not ill-described, as seen through distorted spectacles. This book had been given to my mother by her dearest friend, and for that friend's sake it always lay on a table in her room. I read it for its literary charm, till I almost knew it by heart, and here again my sympathies were wholly with the orthodox Nun Anunciata, the Abbess, and the Bishop, who were not, I was sure, guilty of the deeds attributed to them, rather than with Pauline and Angelique, who escape in the Revolution troubles and become wives and mothers. But there was no one to deepen these vague impressions; and Roman priests and nuns, however interesting, were much like the characters in my fairy tales, denizens of a world into which I never expected to enter.

From the age of eight, when I went to a private school, till my entrance into Eton at thirteen, my school-life had little influence on my religious life. Such as it had was harmful. Crossman's Catechism, which we learnt, is to me now a mere name. The head master and his wife, who gave us religious instruction, were cruel in temper and disposition, so that many of us were set against all that came from them, though I have no doubt they meant to teach us aright.

At Eton much was changed. There, for the first time, I heard a chanted "Cathedral Service," and week-day prayers in church without the weariness of a sermon; there, in 1841, such of us boys who were inclined to think, and who read the newspapers, became conscious of the great stir in Church matters which was going on at Oxford; a few of our masters were falling under the influence of the new theology, and this could not be without its effect on the boys. It had its bearing on our minds, but to an extremely limited extent on our lives. There are lads who, by the grace of God, have in them a natural and ingrained purity of soul, and a revolt from every wrong word

and deed, an instinct against evil, which preserves them in ignorant innocence through the perils of boyhood ; but as a rule an average English lad is neither ignorant nor innocent. When he ceases to say his nightly prayer at his mother's knee, there is no one who enforces on him the connection between religion and morals ; no one, except from the distant pulpit, ever speaks to him of his soul ; no one deals with him individually, or attempts to help him in his special trials. A father is, as a rule, shy of his son, tutors are apt to treat all moral transgressions as school offences, and are unwilling to see what is not forced on them, so that the boy's soul shifts for itself, and for the most part fares badly. I can truly say that for the five years I was at Eton, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, no one ever said one word to me about my own religious life, save always my mother, but she could know nothing of a boy's dangers, and was as one that fought the air.

But as a mere matter of intellectual opinion, Church questions were extremely interesting. The *Christian Year* became known to me almost by heart ; it, and still more the *Lyra Apostolica*, Miss Sewell's books, and among them especially *Margaret Perceval*, put before me the Anglican Church theory, which I accepted with eagerness ; nor was my pleasure and acquiescence in it disturbed even by the caricature of it which I found in *Harokstone*, a foolish and impudent book, though written by a very able man, Miss Sewell's brother, the Rev. William Sewell, soon to become my tutor at Exeter College, Oxford.

I went to Oxford prepared to be a very High Churchman, and matriculated at Exeter, then a High Church College, the Rev. Joseph Richards being Rector, and Sewell senior Tutor. A first cousin who had obtained a scholarship at Trinity the year before, was already among the very highest of high undergraduates, and I became intimate also with a set of Christ Church students much under the influence of Dr. Pusey ; so that on the religious side of Oxford life there was much to affect me. My most intimate friend among the more thoughtful men in College, had brought up to Oxford far more definite Church tradition and practices than I. Had Sewell not been my tutor, I should have been, no doubt, wholly and completely a member of that party ; but no man ever made a serious cause more ridiculous than he. To a minute and scrupulous insistence on ritual, as then understood, and a burthensome and penitential life urged on all without reference to previous training or

individual fitness, he joined a distrust and horror of Rome that were comic in their exaggerations. It was said that, like the old lady in *Cranford* who rolled a ball under her bed each night, and only when it came out on the other side, was sure no burglar was concealed there, Sewell looked in the same hiding-place to find a Jesuit; and it is certain that even Eugène Sue's belief in the machinations of the Society was not more intense than his.

The set with which I mainly lived was not a religious one, but rather the cricketing, boating, and riding set, men of good morals for the most part, but who were in no degree devout. In more serious hours, however, my sympathies were all with the High Church party. I was careful to attend any church at which Dr. Pusey was announced to preach, read Newman's sermons to my mother and sister in the vacations, and, unknown to my Oxford friends, endeavoured to do some little district visiting among the poor, in a fitful way, under the direction of the Rev. William Knott, Fellow of Brasenose, afterwards Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds. In my third year I knew well a lady living in Oxford, who was herself in the habit of going to confession to Dr. Pusey, and was by her introduced to him. He invited me to see him, and I came to know him fairly well, but was never attracted by him, and should not have dreamt of making him my confessor or my familiar friend. The lady in question, much to her husband's annoyance, fitted up an oratory in her house in which she had strange Services, more Roman than Anglican, but I never attended them, nor could I enter into her feeling when on meeting her one day in the street, she said, "Oh my dear friend, the Father (Pusey) tells me we may not go to Rome." I assured her that I had no intention of going, but that if I had, the Father's saying I was not to go would have no great weight with me. I am afraid she never forgave me, though I remained an intimate friend of her excellent husband rather than of herself during the remainder of my Oxford career.

In my vacations, more than in Oxford, I saw the High Church party at its best. Much of my time was spent with the family of a member of my College. They indeed "lived the life," holding much Catholic doctrine, adopting many Catholic practices with a simplicity, earnest piety, and thoroughness very beautiful to witness. The eldest daughter was then an intimate friend of Miss Sellon, taking much interest in the

attempt at the revival of Sisterhoods in the Church of England, and is now a Catholic nun of the Order of St. Dominic. The remainder of the family are still satisfied with their half-way house. I should probably have been more closely identified with them and their opinions but for the influence on my life of one of the most remarkable personalities I ever met, who drew me off for some years in quite another direction. This man was Charles Kingsley. When I first knew him he was about eight or nine and twenty, in the full vigour of his manhood, and had just become celebrated among us young Oxford men by the publication of *The Saint's Tragedy*. I first met him at a breakfast given by his old schoolfellow, Cowley Powles, one of our Exeter tutors. Kingsley and I, Powles being engaged with his lectures, walked to Iffley on that morning, and the geniality and versatility of his nature impressed me as I had never been impressed by any other man, save one who in a degree resembled him in his enthusiasm and high-bred courtesy, James Brooke, Rajah of Sarāwak. Kingsley had come to Oxford to see some young men who were intending to take Orders, one of whom might serve him as curate at Eversley. He selected one of my old school-fellows whom I visited in the following summer. The curate's lodgings were limited in accommodation, and I had to sleep at the village inn. We dined with the Kingsleys on the first evening of my stay, and early next day I received a note characteristically dated, "Bed, this morning," asking me to transfer myself and my baggage to the Rectory. I did so, stayed weeks instead of days, and for some years thereafter Eversley Rectory became to me a second home. A large part of Kingsley's character, and a charming description of his life, is given in the Memoir by his widow. The defect of the book is explained by the fact that it was written when the sense of her bereavement was very recent, so that the work is pervaded by a certain solemnity and gloom which were quite alien to the nature of the man as his friends knew him. No doubt like most persons of exuberant temperament, Kingsley had his moments of deep depression, and he was towards the end of his life a disappointed man, but at the time of which I speak he was characterized by a sunny joyousness, an abounding vitality, and a contagious energy which were most attractive. He was in no sense a learned man, nor a sound scholar, nor a deep theologian, nor a well-read historian; he knew more of science than of all

these put together, yet was not really scientific. But on almost all subjects conceivable he had read enough to talk brilliantly, without any inconvenient doubt of his entirely sufficient equipment. To young men still in course of formation this corrugating person, ten years older than ourselves, but young in mind, and a born leader of men, came as a kind of revelation. We had never met any one like him, nor indeed have I ever since encountered any one so impressive to the young. What was most attractive to me, and of course not to me alone, was that this man, so varied in knowledge and so brilliant in talk, athletic in habits and frame, a first-rate horseman, keen sportsman, good quoit player, was also a man of prayer and piety, filled with a personal, even passionate, love to Christ, whom he realized as his Friend and Brother in a fashion almost peculiar to the saints. His reading of the Bible, whether at family prayer or in church, sounded like a true message from God; his sermons, thoroughly unconventional, written in admirable English, were vigorous, reverent, and inspiring. He knew every man, woman, and child in his scattered parish, and, with less effort than I have ever seen, with less sense of incongruity, could pass from light badinage in any casual meeting to deep religious talk on the state of his interlocutor's soul. He was, theology apart, the ideal pastor of his people, living among them and for them, rarely in those days going beyond the bounds of his parish, wholly devoted to what he believed his divinely given work.

In his opinions Kingsley belonged to what was called the Broad Church school, though he disliked the term, and never would allow it to be used. The Athanasian Creed was not recited in Eversley Church in those days, though Kingsley joined a society for its defence towards the end of his life, and the absence of anything which now would be called ritual was remarkable. I remember that when the curate preached, and Kingsley's part of the Service was ended, he was wont to put off his surplice, and take his place in his usual dress in the pew under the pulpit by his wife's side. When the sermon was ended, he would stand up there in the pew and give the blessing in his cut-away coat, without vestige of ecclesiastical garment. But the Services, if unconventional, were reverent, and whatever deductions might be drawn from his omissions, Kingsley's teaching was sound on the great doctrines of the Christian faith, as expounded in the Anglican formularies.

He was kind and tolerant to Nonconformists and their doctrines, and the whole vials of his wrath were reserved for Rome and the priests of Rome. On the Catholic laity he looked with compassion as foolish souls beguiled by liars. In his first novel, *Yeast*, he introduces a priest named Padre Bugiardo.

A man of this vehement and vigorous nature could not but have great influence on young men. My own desire for many years had been to take Orders in the Church of England. But my career at Oxford had brought doubts about religion, still more about my own fitness for the work; the High Anglican theory had broken down, and with it had gone much of my childhood's faith, no authoritative interpretation of Scripture had ever been presented to me, and I was attracted by the plausible ingenuities of German criticism. I began to wonder whether there were indeed a Divine message for men, and if there were, whether I had the skill or the worthiness to hear it and deliver it again. The formularies of the Church had come to seem fetters on free research, which, as I now see, means only that each man may think what he pleases.

Kingsley, who mixed with his religion eager democratic politics, a care for the poor which verged on socialism, and a strong hatred of shams, endeavoured, and with success, to persuade such as I, that work brought the solution of all doubts; that not in cut and dried forms of theology, but in a zeal for God lay the motive power of a parson's work; that if the Church of England needed widening, it was to be done from within. I was moved with his enthusiasm, and felt with his feelings; to be a parson after his pattern was my aim, and a desire to help my fellow-men seemed as a call from God. My mother had always wished to see me a clergyman, and her death, with the deeper feelings it brought, gave me a push forward in the same direction. I accepted the curacy of Tew, in the diocese of Oxford, and was ordained deacon in the Lent of 1851.

Though Tew was a small parish, the work was considerable. Like most young clergymen of that date I had absolutely no theological training, and the mere duty of preparing sermons sent me to a course of reading which kept me well employed. When I consulted Kingsley on what to read, before my ordination, he advised me to read the Bible, without note or comment, and to let it tell me its own story, and Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ*. That seemed to him sufficient equipment for the task, and the Bishop's requirements were

hardly more. It is difficult to recall with precision what books were my study in my year and a half at Tew, but it was in a degree systematic and thorough, and gained me some grasp of scientific theology.

The clergy around were High Churchmen, some of them extremely so, and it soon became plain to me, that whatever the doctrinal teaching, the whole work of a parish, to be effective at all, except in the hands of a Kingsley, must be conducted on Catholic lines. And so, putting any deep thought aside under the stress of work, I became a more decided High Churchman in practice, and in some points of doctrine, while in others I remained latitudinarian. The standard of parochial work was high, and the clergy were kept up to the mark in this by the Bishop. Samuel Wilberforce was never to me an attractive person, indeed I disliked and distrusted him, but there has rarely been his equal for impressing a uniform stamp on the men who came under his sway, and for exacting to the full the tale of mechanical work. As all readers of his *Life* now know, he was always intensely Protestant, and his gross unfairness to Rome made me more tender to her supposed errors. But in Oxfordshire, as in Somerset in my youth, I knew no Catholics, and the murmurs and airs that reached me from the Church soon died away.

After eighteen months at Tew the work grew lighter; the schools had been organized, the church at Little Tew was built, mainly through me, I knew every soul in the two villages, and wished for a larger parish. The Bishop came to Tew for a Confirmation, and asked me to take charge of Bloxham, a large and neglected village a few miles off, close to Banbury, a charge which I accepted with pleasure.

The circumstances of the parish were remarkable, as showing what was then the state of the Church in some bye-places of England, even in so stirring a diocese as Oxford. The incumbent was ninety years old, but hale and strong. He had been appointed to the living more than fifty years before, on exchange with a man who had died soon thereafter, so that Eton College, with whom rested the patronage, had in fact been kept from its exercise for half a century. His neglect of the parish had been scandalous; the Communion was administered but thrice a year, on Christmas Day, Good Friday, and Easter Day. Not long before I became curate the wine for this rite, which was always set on the table in a black bottle, was unopened. The

Vicar turned to the communicants and asked if "any lady or gentleman had a corkscrew," one was produced from a pocket, and the Service proceeded. The curate was over seventy, but in much feebler health, and not more active than the Vicar. The scandals connected with the Services, and the neglect of parochial visiting became so flagrant, that the Bishop suspended the curate from the exercise of his functions, and made the Vicar place the whole administration of the parish in the Bishop's hands, in consideration of which the Bishop promised not to proceed against him. It was a somewhat high-handed and arbitrary measure, but no doubt substantial justice was done.

On the day my ministry at Bloxham began, the Vicar died suddenly, but as the Provost of Eton at once announced his intention of offering the living to a gentleman who was a chaplain in India, it was clear that six months of work lay before me, and I turned to this with a will. Never did a neglected parish respond so cordially to what was done for it. The Bishop made a great point of my endeavouring to know all the parishioners, to revive the schools, which had dwindled almost to non-existence; he insisted on frequent Services, celebrations of Holy Communion monthly, and announced a Confirmation, for which I had to prepare the candidates. The people welcomed zeal, often I fear without knowledge, and the duties were so incessant that there was no time for thought, or for reading. At the end of six months the living was filled, and, somewhat overwrought by a spell of exciting and laborious work, I accepted a tutorship to teach two little boys in a family who were going to reside in Germany for at least a year. We went abroad in the late autumn of 1852. I had now settled down into that phase of thought which seemed to satisfy me. I was a latitudinarian in teaching, and a High Churchman in external observances; the controversy between the Churches had ceased to interest me, and there was no reason to suppose I should adopt other opinions than those into which I had drifted. The friends with whom I was travelling were themselves average English Church people, with a strong desire that they, and especially the children, should not lose touch of English ways. We had, therefore, our own Services each Sunday. I rarely strayed into the Catholic churches, either at Carlsruhe, or afterwards at Constance. I made the acquaintance of no Catholics, or but few, and the tuition of the boys, and my own German studies, left scanty leisure for much else. It was a dreary,

stagnant time, in which I found no intellectual companions, and at Constance, in the following spring, a long and serious illness left me weak and prostrate. *Pauci infirmitate meliorantur*, says Thomas à Kempis, and his words were found most true. I began to pine for some real work in my clerical capacity once more.

This came in most pleasant shape. My old tutor, always one of my kindest friends, wrote to tell me that a conductship or chaplaincy at Eton was vacant, which might be mine for the asking. This involved Services in the College chapel, and also the curacy of the parish of Eton. I accepted the work gladly, and entered on it in the autumn of 1853. My tutor had wished this chaplaincy to be a stepping-stone to another post, which he was soon able to offer me in conjunction with it; that of Master in College, in which I was to have the supervision of the seventy scholars on the foundation, my rooms adjoining and communicating with the boys' buildings.

In dealing with this task, very arduous, but at the same time one of exceeding interest, the necessity of one of the main practices of the Church soon became manifest to me, though I was far from grasping all that it meant. To direct a boy's conscience, to aid him to resist sin, to gain his confidence, without any fear that his transgressions would be considered as school offences, and with a certainty that all he said was absolutely inviolable, it was necessary that something very like confession should enter into the relation between many of those entrusted to my charge and myself. It was certainly a help such as they had never had before, one for which I had sighed in vain in my own school days, but even when I saw the blessing, I recognized only the human side of it. It was a relief to tell another person all the actions and all the thoughts which interfered with a holy life, and the fact that the recipient of the tale did not turn away, but rather gave sympathy, advice, and consolation, became a sign and pledge that God, more loving than man, would not reject the penitent, and induced those who might have despaired or become hardened, to cast themselves on the mercies of God. But there was in all this no belief and no teaching of true sacramental confession, itself the access to God, followed by valid absolution ratified at the time in Heaven, thus, and thus only, communicated to the sinner.

There were those among the authorities, both Fellows and

Tutors, who objected strongly to the influence I gained over some of the boys, and to my supposed High Church teaching and practices, but the Head Master gave me his full sympathy, and his entire sanction for coming as near to the administration of the Sacrament of Penance as in my position, and in my ignorance, it was possible to come. But I was far from being a High Churchman in creed. Neologian criticism, which I read more and more, took increasing hold on me, and I had got completely on the wrong path. The traditional teaching of the Church once set aside, or rather never understood, the student necessarily dwells on the human, to the exclusion of the Divine, element in Holy Scripture, and wanders in the Bible like the Ethiopian servant with no man to guide him. My reading taught me to minimize dogmatic teaching, to hold the least possible doctrine compatible with a love for a somewhat stately ritual, chanted Services, and frequent celebrations of Communion, in which pious remembrance of Christ's Death, for it was to me no more than this, there seemed for myself and others great help towards a spiritual life.

The work among the boys was thoroughly happy. Some of those who had been at the head of the school when I was first appointed Master in College returned to work as Assistant Masters, and with these I lived in pleasant, elder-brotherly intimacy. But the Head Master became Provost, and I was not on the same terms with his successor; the rooms appointed for the Master in College were, in truth, suited only for a bachelor, and I was now married and with three children; it was necessary to think of a change. A College living in Dorset was offered to, and accepted by me, and I left Eton once again with regret for the past, but hope for the future. I remembered Kingsley's happy work at Eversley, and hoped to carry it out in my own sphere. He, however, had believed with all his might the faith he professed, I was soon to find doubts and perplexities at every turn.

The chaotic state of parties, dogma, and discipline in the Church of England was forced at once on my attention. For many years, up to about four before the time of which I am now speaking, the Vicar had been non-resident, and the curate in charge was a pronounced, even extreme, Low Churchman. On the death of the Vicar, the living fell into the hands of a very prominent member of the ultra-Tractarian party, who at once established daily Services, and ornate ritual, restoring

the church well, and contradicting in his every word and deed the teaching and example of his predecessor, who moved only to the next parish, and did all that in him lay to neutralize the work of the new Vicar.

When this gentleman was preferred to a benefice in another county, the Bishop frankly told me he wished for no Broad Churchmen, and would, if it were possible, have refused to accept a man of my opinions, which had become known by various essays contributed from time to time to current literature. But as he could not help himself, he trusted I would at least continue the outward character of the Services now fixed in the parish, which indeed was quite in accordance with my own intention. It struck me, however, as most grotesque that the chief pastor of a diocese should have no voice whatever in the selection of the men appointed to serve under him, no power to inhibit what he considered false doctrine, and should have to appeal to the forbearance and good sense of his clergy to hinder a complete reversal of an established ritual approved by himself. The failure of his attempt to declare Dr. Rowland Williams an heretic, one of the writers in the then notorious volume, *Essays and Reviews*, brought into still greater prominence the weakness of the Anglican Episcopate.

All through the ministrations of three clergymen, Low, High, Broad, the villagers, the farmers, and in great measure the few resident and educated gentry were scarce aware that there were any other than outward differences in the mode of conducting worship; these, and not the doctrines, were points to which objection was occasionally raised, and provided the parson went on the principle of *quieta non movere*, he might preach what he pleased, orthodoxy or heterodoxy, the doctrines of Rome, or Wittenberg, or Geneva.

Yet again, for some years, my doubts were silent. The work of a parish was once more profoundly interesting, and the social problems which faced the worker in Dorset were so pressing as to throw for a time intellectual problems into the background. The condition of the agricultural labourer, then *adscriptus glebæ* almost as truly as any serf of old; his wages, sometimes as low as eight shillings a week, with a dole of mouldy corn, and, if he were a shepherd, the chance of a joint of "braxy" mutton from a sheep which had died; his cottage, in which decency was impossible, cried aloud for reform, and made a parson who did his work into an agitator rather than a theologian. Then came

the great wave of the Temperance movement in Dorset, and the splendid crusade against drunkenness in my immediate neighbourhood by one of the bravest and best women it was ever my lot to know. The Labourers' Union and the Dorset County Temperance Association added to my parish work, and to the preparation for College of pupils under my roof, made acquiescence possible in formulas which if they did not appeal to me as absolute truth, seemed at least a plausible statement of all that in this life we could attain to know.

But the Labourers' Union accomplished its intention, raising wages by a dead lift at least two shillings a week, while public light, turned on the cottages, brought about there also a reform. We had done much for the Temperance organization, the parson's social and political work had been carried as far as possible ; but meantime faith had not grown firmer, rather it had insensibly slipped away.

It is always difficult to say at what moment an intellectual position, long held with loosening grasp, becomes untenable ; it is so easy to acquiesce for awhile, so hard to deny what after all the heart continues to desire when the intellect rejects it ; but at last I had to face the fact that I could no longer use in any honest sense the Prayer Book of the Church of England, nor minister at her altars, nor preach a definite message when all my mind was clouded with a doubt. I resigned my living, and came to London to take up a literary life.

Now, for the first time during many years, I was able to consider my position calmly and fairly. While doing my duties as best I could, it had not been easy to realize how completely I had fallen away from the faith. Now as a layman, with no external obligation to use words in which it was necessary to find some meaning consistent with my opinions, the whole Services of the Church of England seemed distasteful and untrue. The outward scaffolding on which I had striven to climb to God, every sacramental sign under which I had sought to find Him, had crumbled into nothingness. I was in no conscious relation to Him, God had practically no part in my life ; though I did not deny Him, nor cease to believe that a First Cause existed ; simple atheism is a rare, and perhaps an impossible position. I was content not to know, and to wait. But in the meantime certain things were abundantly clear. Human relationships exist, the family, society, our country, the race ; towards all these we have duties which must be organized ;

some conception of history, philosophy, and science must be framed, if not depending on God, at least in relation to man. The system formulated by Auguste Comte had long attracted me on its historical and social sides ; a friend who, since Oxford days, had swayed my life more than he knew, had found it sufficient for himself, and he placed before me the religious side also of this grave and austere philosophy. It is not a paradox, but sober truth, to say that Positivism is Catholicism without God. And it does, after a fashion, give order and regularity to life, inculcates simplicity of manners, aims at a certain amount of discipline, and caricatures, unconsciously, and with some effect, the sacraments, the *cultus* of Saints, the place of our Lady in worship, making of Humanity the ideal woman, the great Mother and Mistress of all.

It should in fairness be said that in this faith, if so it may be called, men and women live high, restrained, ascetic lives, and find in Humanity an object, not self, for their devotion. Like the men of Athens, they would seem ignorantly, and under false names, to worship God. And for myself I may say that I doubt if I should have known the faith but for Positivism, which gave me a rule and discipline of which I had been unaware. The historical side of Comte's teaching still remains in large measure true to my mind, based as it is on the teaching of the Church. Comte had the inestimable advantage of having been Catholic in his youth, and could not, even when he tried, put aside the lessons he had learnt from her.

But Auguste Comte did more for me than this. It may seem strange, but, till I did so under his direction, I had never read the *Imitation of Christ*. Comte bids all his followers meditate on this holy book, telling them to substitute Humanity for God. The daily study of the *Imitation* for several years did more than aught else to bring me back to faith, and faith back to me.

So long as my Positivism lasted, I brought into it a fervour and enthusiasm to which I had been a stranger, and I was therefore long in discovering that these were unreal and forced. On many Sundays, when the Service was over, I was wont to walk home with a younger friend, whose experiences had been largely my own, save that his loss of faith had arisen from revolt against the extreme Calvinism which had been presented to him in his youth. He also had wandered out into Agnos-

ticism, and discovered that he needed an external rule against the temptations of life, which for awhile he thought to find in the Religion of Humanity. In long walks across the park homewards in summer and winter noons we both found that the fervour of the Services evaporated, and left nothing behind them, there was none of that sense of a power abiding within us, which the Catholic worshipper brings away from before the Tabernacle, even if he cannot always maintain the intensity of devotion which has been granted him during the action of Holy Mass, or in the Benediction Service. Once more I saw that my soul was stripped and bare, when it had seemed fully clothed. Such also was my friend's experience; may God give him grace to find, as I have found, the truth after which we both were seeking. Positivism is a fair-weather creed, when men are strong, happy, untempted, or ignorant that they are tempted, and so long as a future life and its dread possibilities do not enter their thoughts; but it has no message for the sorry and the sinful, no restoration for the erring, no succour in the hour of death.

In the training of my intellect and literary faculty, such as it is, one man had always held predominant sway. Those young men who entered on their Oxford careers towards the end of the decade 1840—1850, found that one prophet at least had gained honour in his own country, even if he had experienced also scorn and rejection. John Henry Newman was a moving intellectual force along with Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, and Carlyle. I came to know the two poets, as I know my Bible, if it be not irreverent to say so, in such a way that after a time I needed no longer to read them, because the exact words surged up in memory when thought was directed to them, and there was no need of the printed page. Ruskin and Carlyle delivered their message, and passed on, but Newman abode, and his intellectual influence developed into one that was moral and spiritual, preparing my soul for the great grace and revelation which God had yet in store.

Like Thomas à Kempis, so Newman, studied day by day, sank into my soul, and changed it. Since Pascal none has put so plainly as he the dread alternative, all or nothing, faith or unfaith, God or the denial of God. I had not denied Him, but had left Him on one side, and now, as it were, God took His revenge. This is no place to explain in detail how in sorrow and desolation of spirit, God left His servant alone for awhile,

to clutch in vain for some help in temptation, for some solution of doubt, and find none, if it were not God and the old creeds. It were to lay the secrets of the soul too bare to declare minutely, how each hesitation to submit to what was becoming intellectually clear, was followed by some moral or spiritual fall, as though the Father would allow His child to slip in miry ways, if nothing else would teach the need of guidance.

But apart from the direct leadings of God's grace, and the general effect of the *Imitation* and Newman, it may be well to specify more closely some of the arguments which weighed with me to accept the faith I had so long set at nought.

First, and above all, was the overwhelming evidence for modern miracles, and the conclusions from their occurrence. A study of Pascal's Life, when I was engaged in translating the *Pensées*, directed my special attention to the cure of Pascal's niece, of a lachrymal fistula, by the touch of the Holy Thorn preserved at Port Royal. It is impossible to find anything of the kind better attested, and readers may judge for themselves in the narrative written of the facts by Racine, and the searching investigations by unprejudiced, and certainly not too credulous critics, Sainte Beuve and the late Charles Beard. Next in importance were the miracles of Lourdes, one of which, as wrought on a friend of my own, came under my notice. I do not mean, especially in the former case, that these facts proved any doctrines; that the miracle of the Thorn made for Jansenist teaching, or those at Lourdes for the Immaculate Conception; but rather, that the Thorn must, from its effects, have been one that had touched the Sacred Head, that the spring at Lourdes could only have had its healing powers by the gift of God, through our Lady. It was not that miracles having been declared in the Bible made these later occurrences possible, but that these, properly attested in our own days, and times so near our own, made the Bible miracles more credible than they were before, adding their testimony to that which the Church bears to Holy Scripture. And it was on the testimony of a living Church that I would accept the Scripture, if I accepted it at all, for surely of all absurd figments, that of a closed revelation, to be its own interpreter, is the most absurd.

The books which mainly aided me at this period when I had accepted, in a more definite way than ever before, the being of a God who actively, daily, and visibly interposes in His creation, were the *Grammar of Assent*, by Cardinal Newman,

and *Religio Viatoris*, by Cardinal Manning. Both works postulate God and the Human Soul, and on that foundation build up the Catholic faith. They are very different in their method, and, perhaps, as a rule, helpful to different classes of mind, but both aided me. The re-reading the *Grammar of Assent* as a theological treatise, and with the wish to believe, was quite a different matter to my earlier study of it on its publication, when I regarded it only as an intellectual effort, interesting as the revelation of a great mind, not as yet recognizing that it had any special message for me. But in these later days it proved to be the crowning gift of the many I received from that great teacher, who had been my guide through the years of my pilgrimage, little though I knew it.

It is not possible to state precisely the moment at which definite light came upon my soul, in preparation for the fuller day. As Clough says truly of earthly dawn :

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

About 1888 I had light enough to attend Mass pretty frequently, but even then was not definitely Catholic in my belief and sympathies. There was one of my own family, having a right to speak, who distrusted my evident leanings, not so much from want of sympathy with religion, as from a fear that as my opinions had been so long in a state of change, this also might be a passing phase. I said to myself, whether rightly or wrongly I cannot judge, that a year should elapse before I made up my mind on the question, though I began to see which way it must be answered. This was in the spring of 1889; but so weak is memory that towards the end of the year I was misled by a date, and supposed it had been in the late summer.

In May, 1890, I went for a short tour in France, as I had done for some years past, and a profound sense of dissatisfaction with myself filled my whole soul. In other days the cathedrals, and their services, the shrines and their relics, places of pilgrimage, venerated images had all been connected with a faith in which no one who studied the workings of the human mind could fail to take an interest, but they had no relation to my own soul. Now it seemed to me that I was an alien from the family of God, unable to take a part in that which was my

heritage, shut out by my own coldness of heart, my own want of will. And as had long been the case, that which attracted me most were just those things in the cult of Rome which most offended my companions.

A distinguished ecclesiastic was talking in Rome with a lady who while in England had shown some disposition towards the Church, but lamented that in the Holy City she had seen much that was to her disedifying, and quite unlike the pious practices she had known at home. He replied, "Ah, madame, il ne faut pas regarder de si près la cuisine du Bon Dieu." It was this which interested me and drew me to it. At Tours, the heap of crutches in the house devoted to the cult of the Holy Face, the pathetic agony of the engraving of the same, seen in so many churches of that diocese, appealed more to me than the celebration of High Mass in the Cathedral; the rude image of our Lady at Chartres more than many a fairer statue.

At Beaulieu, near Loches, the end came. We had walked there from Loches, and while my companions were resting under the trees in the little *Place*, and taking a photograph of a neighbouring mill, I remained in the church in conversation with the Curé, who was superintending some change in the arrangements of the altar. We spoke of Tours and St. Martin, of the revived cult of the Holy Face, of M. Dupont, "the holy man of Tours," whom the Curé had known, and at last he said after a word about English Protestantism, "Mais Monsieur est sans doute Catholique?" I was tempted to answer, "À peu près," but the thought came with overwhelming force that this was a matter in which there was "no lore of nicely calculated less or more;" we were Catholics or not, my interlocutor was within the fold, and I without, and if without, then against knowledge, against warning, for I recognized that my full conviction had at last gone where my heart had gone before, the call of God had sounded in my ears, and I must perforce obey. But when? The promise which I had made to myself that I would wait a year was binding on me as though made to one for whose sake I had made it, and the date at which the promise would expire seemed far off. But early in August I discovered that I had been in error as to the time, and that I was already free. On the 12th of August, at Fulham, in the Church of the Servites, an Order to which I had long felt an attraction, I made my submission to the Church, with deep thankfulness to God.

It was the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and the one

bitter drop in a brimming cup of joy was that he could not know all that he had done for me, that his was the hand which had drawn me in, when I sought the ark floating on the stormy seas of the world. But a few days afterwards, as I knelt by his coffin at Edgbaston, and heard the Requiem Mass said for him, I felt that indeed he knew, that he was in a land where there was no need to tell him anything, for he sees all things in the heart of God.

Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that when it cools they regret what has been done, and would return but for very shame. It has been said of marriage that every one finds, when the ceremony is over, that he or she has married another, and not the bride or groom who seemed to have been won; and Clough takes the story of Jacob as a parable representing this fact. We wed Rachel, as we think, and in the morning, behold it is Leah. So the Church bears one aspect when seen from a distance, *ab extra*, another when we have given ourselves into her keeping. But she is no Leah, rather a fairer Rachel than we dared to dream, her blessings are greater than we had hoped. I may say for myself that the happy tears shed at the tribunal of Penance, on that 12th of August, the fervour of my first Communion, were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the Mystery of the Altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer, God more a Father, our Lady more tender, the great company of saints more friendly, if I dare use the word, my guardian angel closer to my side. All human relationships become holier, all human friends dearer, because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and the friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church, but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all. May He forgive me that I so long resisted Him, and lead those I love unto the fair land wherein He has brought me to dwell! I am confident, it will be said, and said with truth. My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel who also was sure. He was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes, but this he could say with unfaltering certainty, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

C. KEGAN PAUL.

Free Education.

THE Free Education Bill, which practically grants to the children of the poor throughout England and Wales a gratuitous education, introduces a change of very grave moment, and one that will immediately affect Catholics more than any other section of the community. There is a large proportion of the poorest class among them, and it is schools attended by children of the poorest class which will be most directly benefited by the new Act. Artisans, mechanics, and all others who rank as skilled labourers and earn corresponding wages, will continue to pay for the education of their children, but will pay a reduced fee. They will benefit by the Act; but the reduction of a previous fee of 9d. to 6d., or even of 6d. to 3d., will not affect them as seriously or produce such important results to the community as the absolute extinction of the fee of 3d., or under, which is paid by children of the labouring class for their schooling. A considerable majority of our Catholic schools belong to this latter class, so that for us it means not only assisted, but free education for the great mass of our little ones.

At the same time, the indirect and ultimate influence of the measure on the question of religious education seems likely to be very great, and as the education in Catholic schools is the only education which is primarily and essentially religious, we shall be the first to experience the advantage or disadvantage that religion may suffer hereafter from the remission of school fees. Are we to welcome the change as a boon or to regret it as bad in principle and a source of future mischief? This is a question which has exercised not a little the minds of thoughtful Catholics during the last few weeks. The first impression was in most cases favourable: a little reflection brought out latent dangers, which seemed to render the change most undesirable. Since then a further reflection has reinstated the measure to some extent in the good-will of the Catholic body, and the

general conviction seems to be that on the whole it will be at the present time beneficial to our schools, but that the principle on which it is founded is a false one, and the ultimate consequences are fraught with danger. It may be worth while to look carefully into these points. If the principle of the Act is a wrong one, its fruits, however attractive at the first glance, can scarcely fail in the end to be prejudicial to the interests of religion. The first point that we have to consider is the attitude of the Church to free education.

Free education in the form in which it has been introduced by the present Act is generally admitted to be a step in the direction of greater interference on the part of the State in the case of its young citizens. It has been described as a further encroachment on parental responsibility. If it is the duty of the parent to educate his children, why should the State take it out of his hands and say, "For the future, I am going to educate your—or rather, my—children. I have already insisted on your sending them to school, and I have laid down regulations, and stringent regulations, as to what they shall be taught. Now I am going to advance a step further, and to pay for that amount of education which I insist on their all receiving." This raises the wider question of the measure and the limits of interference that the State has a right to exercise in the family. These limits have been clearly defined by the recent Encyclical of our Holy Father. The State can step in and compel the parents to give their children what is due to them, but it can go no further. Paternal authority can neither be abolished nor absorbed by the State. The child belongs to the father, but at the same time it has certain rights of its own, and if these are neglected the State ought to interfere, for this is not to rob citizens of their rights, but to safeguard and strengthen them. The State has not only to shield the little ones from ill-usage and neglect, but to see that they are provided with what is necessary for their happiness and well-being, and to enable them to fulfil the duties which belong to their position in life. What those duties are depends on the position of the parents.

A parent has a positive duty to his children with respect to their soul as well as their body. He is bound, first of all and foremost of all, to see that they are duly instructed in their religion. He is also bound to see that they receive that amount of secular instruction which will prevent them from being at a serious disadvantage as compared with the children

of those around who are in the same rank of life.¹ The amount of training due to them is a fluctuating quantity, depending on the state of things in the place where they are educated. There is no fixed standard to which all are bound to attain as a minimum. A well-to-do man who should leave his children without a literary education suitable to their station, in the present day would certainly be neglecting his duty to them. A poor man who should, without plea of poverty, bring up his children utterly illiterate in our large cities where schools abound, would also neglect his parental obligations. Whether the existing civilization is natural or artificial matters not. We have to take things as they are, with education universal around us. In a country where a considerable proportion of the poorer class cannot read and write, we could not enforce a positive obligation on any parent belonging to the lower class to take care that his children should acquire these accomplishments. But where literacy is practically universal, illiteracy becomes so serious a drawback to any kind of success, that to impose it on a child without necessity is robbing him of that to which he has a positive claim. Under these circumstances, the State has a right to say to all, "You shall send your children to school." Quite apart from the bad effects of idleness and of the streets, it can say, "If you do not see that your children receive a certain amount of education, you forfeit some portion of your parental rights, and I have to supplement them. I can and I ought to step in and fight their battle, just as I can and ought to step in if you ill-treat them or starve them." In all this the modern State does not go beyond its right or its duty.

We must, however, remember that the State forfeits its right to this interference if the cultivation that it enforces is a non-religious cultivation. It has no right to require of any Catholic parent that he should send his child to a school where the instruction is not religious. If in any town there is no Catholic school, a parent is acting within his rights if he prefers to keep his child at home. If he thinks that there is any serious danger to its faith from attending a non-religious school, he is bound to keep it away. Far better to be utterly illiterate, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, with the precious jewel of the faith safely treasured in the heart, than to

¹ Cf. Lehmkuhl, *Mor. Theol.* i. 784. "Peccant parentes si negligunt quominus filii pro conditione sua sive artes sive literas addiscant, quo honeste se possint postea sustentare atque secundum conditionem suam vivere."

be a man of the highest natural cultivation without this treasure, or even with any loss of its brightness.

But where there is no sort of danger to faith, then even the non-Christian State has a right to enforce secular knowledge, according to the station of each of its citizens. Unless this were so, compulsory education would be quite unjustifiable. Few Catholics who know anything of the state of the poor in our large towns, would wish to see them return to the state of things as regards education, which existed previously to the Act of 1870. Whatever mischief may have been occasionally done by the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic schools, the good done by the obligation to attend school certainly surpasses the evil. While the number of our Catholics has scarcely increased at all, the number of children attending Catholic schools has more than doubled. The percentage attending non-Catholic schools is not large, at all events in the class whom compulsory education has chiefly affected. The thousands who were lost from ignorance of their religion have diminished to hundreds. In spite of the gross injustice under which we labour in having to contribute to the maintenance of Board schools,¹ and the superior advantages they enjoy compared with Voluntary schools, we have held our own against them as yet, whatever may be the case hereafter.

The principle of compulsory education being thus admitted as, under present circumstances, a lawful one, we next come to the question of Free Education. Is it the corollary of compulsory education? It would be so if there were a large class who, by reason of poverty, were unable to pay the fees exacted. But their case is exceptional, and one for which it is not necessary to legislate. Compulsory education involves no hardship on the poor. It simply enforces a duty, the performance of which is no less obligatory than the feeding and clothing of them. Free Education thus assumes a double aspect. On

¹ We rejoice to see that Lord Cranbrook, in proposing in the House of Lords the second reading of the Education Bill, promised on the part of the Government that steps should be taken to remedy or diminish this injustice. His words, as reported in *The Times* of July 17, were as follows: "Some people may feel somewhat hurt in having to pay school-rates as well as to provide subscriptions for the purpose of keeping up the Voluntary schools. The Government have had their attention called to the vast raising of rates that is going on throughout the country, and it is their intention to consider the question of rates at an early period next year, with a view to mitigating the burden, in the hope of doing justice to those who are paying those rates. It is a question of considerable complication, and all I can say at present is that the Government will be prepared to deal with it in an early period next year."

the one hand it is a gift to the poor, not given because they needed or demanded it, but as a State boon. On the other hand, it is a further encroachment on the parental responsibility and an invasion of the domain of the family. To this we may add a third result which must follow from it, in accordance with the universal law that he who holds the purse-strings rules the house. If the State pays for the education of the children, it will necessarily claim a right to control the education of the children more than at present, and in proportion to its contribution will be the amount of control exercised.

Now under all these aspects Free Education is at variance with the spirit of wise legislation. If the parent is bound to educate his child, the State does harm and not good by fulfilling this duty for him. There are in most elementary schools a certain percentage unable to pay, but there has been no difficulty in providing for them. Either they were taken for nothing by the manager of the school, or the Board of Guardians undertook to pay for them the ordinary fees payable at the school they attend. It is of course an incidental good that the children who have hitherto paid no fees should be freed from this mark of inferiority. But it was not one which seriously affected either their interests or their happiness. All would condemn any proposal to feed at the public expense all children attending elementary schools, or to undertake any other parental duty; why, then, should it relieve the parents of the cost of educating their children? It was quite different in the case of the free education generously offered to the people in mediæval times in the schools of some religious Orders. Then it could not be said that any parental duty existed among the poorest class as regards secular education. The monastic education was, moreover, really free, that is, it was given gratis by the teacher, whereas what we call free education is not really free at all, but rate-paid, State-paid education. The teachers of the children receive a good salary, to which the whole community contributes, not freely, but of necessity.

Perhaps in a country where education was not universal or compulsory, the State might without danger offer the boon gratis to those who chose to avail themselves of it. But the fact of every parent being bound to send his child to school makes it wrong in principle that he should have the expense of doing his duty borne for him by the State. In practice, all

the most self-reliant and independent and far-seeing of the working class, willingly pay the fee for schooling. It is chiefly the lazy, the drunkard, the incapable, who will profit—if profit it can be called—by the new Bill. It will pauperize still more those who live on the verge of pauperism. To some few deserving parents—widows, for instance, who have several children attending school—but very few, it will be a real relief. To the vast majority of the class who will derive pecuniary advantage from it, it will be a questionable boon. It was neither needed nor asked for, and though it is not in accordance with human nature to reject a proffered remission of some tax previously exacted, yet we do not fancy that the Government will get much thanks for it, or that it will lighten the burden of poverty except in a few exceptional instances.

But most important of all the consequences of the new Act is that the State, by putting its hand into its pocket and investing two millions a year on education, will acquire a hold on the recipients of its bounty, which up to the present time existed only in a very limited degree. Every fresh payment is sure to involve some fresh exaction. The State will be hereafter more completely the master of our poor children than heretofore. The larger the grant towards the expenses of our schools, the greater the interference which will be exercised. The right to interfere might be placed either in the hands of the Board of Education, or of some local representative either of the rate-payers or of the parents of the children. The proposal to place all free schools under local control was rejected by the House of Commons. It was directed mainly against the Anglican schools, as the general feeling of Nonconformists is one of dissatisfaction with the working of the conscience clause. It would have done little or no harm to Catholic schools, as the local feeling towards them is in most places a friendly one.

The amendment of Mr. Summers, excluding all religious catechisms or formularies distinctive of any particular denomination from being taught in schools receiving any free grant is a still more direct and open attempt to eliminate all religious teaching henceforward from Government-aided schools. If it passed into law it would almost destroy our schools; and it is quite possible that at some not very distant period it may pass into law. He supported his proposal by the fact that in ten thousand rural parishes throughout the country, parents had no choice of a school, and Baptists scattered in those districts were

compelled to send their children to a school where the Church of England catechism was taught.

The rejection of the proposed "local control" will leave the schools more in the power of the central body than if the parents of the children, or even the local ratepayers, had been represented in the managing body of the schools. The money is to come from the central body. The freeing of schools is to be paid for from the national, not the local, purse, and local control being thus set aside, the logical alternative is, that it is the business of the State to enact general laws which shall affect all schools whatever that receive a free grant. It is here that the danger for our schools really lies. So long as the Government is in favour of Christian schools, there is no fear of religious teaching being interfered with by any sweeping measure, but under a Liberal Government a very different state of things might arise.

It is this prospect that gives origin to the secret dread which mingles in the minds of Catholics with the satisfaction arising from the present advantages undoubtedly accruing to our schools from the new Act. If in some future House of Commons, Nonconformists and Secularists, Baptists and Freethinkers, the advocates of undenominational Christianity, and those who are of opinion that religious teaching should be limited to the Sunday school, all unite to refuse any grant to any school where there is distinctive religious teaching, the blow will simply be a crushing one to the Catholic schools. It will be all the worse on account of the present Act, which will make it impossible to exact fees from the parents when they have once become accustomed to free education. In a very short time they will regard it as a right, and not as a favour. It would be almost impossible to raise by voluntary efforts the enormous sum that would be required to take the place of what will henceforward be received from Government. We will hope and pray that such a terrible calamity may be averted, but it is well to look in the face the possibility, nay the probability, of its coming upon us, whenever the Liberals have a large majority in the House of Commons.

Yet we must confess the recent debate has brought out two things very clearly. The one is that many of the Liberals are not so much hostile to denominational

schools in general as to the denominational schools of the Church of England. There are among them a certain number of men who desire to destroy all religious teaching, and who are more anxious to destroy the Catholic Church than any other form of religion. But so far as we can judge from their words, those whom we call political rather than religious Liberals, have no desire to interfere with the distinctive teaching of Catholic schools. Some of them have openly declared their friendly attitude to us, whatever their motive may be, and almost all have directed their attack solely against the religious body which is dominant in England. On the other hand, the large majority of Conservatives make it their primary aim not to preserve all religious teaching, but the religious teaching of the Establishment. Many of them, perhaps most of them, are well inclined to us, but it is Anglicanism that they desire to conserve. They are conscious of a great danger close at hand. The increasing bitterness and increasing strength of the Liberation Society, and those who take part in it, bodes ill alike for Conservatism and for Anglicanism. We have not heard much of late of Disestablishment, but it is nevertheless ready to come to the front as soon as the balance of parties in the House of Commons is changed.

All this is important to us in view of the future of our schools. Up to the present time we have thrown in our lot with the Church of England in this question of denominational education. We have fought side by side with the Anglican clergyman, and have made common cause with him. But the alliance is a rather dangerous one. Sooner or later we shall have to dissociate ourselves from him. It is not satisfactory to fight a battle in company with those whom we know are finally doomed to defeat by reason of their inherent weakness. We have moored our water-tight little bark alongside of an unseaworthy hulk which has had a leak in her from the beginning, on which, though she still proudly rides the waves, the water is gradually gaining, spite of the valiant efforts of her sailors and officers. She is the object of the utter hatred of the Nonconformists, who long to destroy her position, appropriate her revenues, and abolish her influence. The attacks made in Parliament on the dogmatic teaching of some of the Anglican schools were an expression not so much of a dislike of the doctrines taught as of an indignant aversion from their being

taught in the schools of a Church which was meant to be co-ordinate with the State, and whose exclusive possession of her vast revenues they regard as an injustice and an anomaly. Towards Catholics they have not at all the same feeling of hostility. We are few in number, and without endowments or revenues. Most of them would be quite willing to leave us alone. Some respect us and have a genuine regard for our faith, though it is true that others hate us with a bitter hatred as the representatives of dogma.

It is not easy to foresee whether the struggle which is not very far off, and which will deprive Anglicanism of her exclusive education of the poor in the rural districts of England, as well as of the ordinary advantages her schools possess in the large towns, will seriously injure our schools or not. It is possible that in any proposal for the abolition of denominational education or for the withdrawal of all State aid from it, we may be expressly made an exception. It is, however, quite possible that the Liberal party may seek to include all denominational schools in one common ruin. It will depend on several contingencies. If the Liberals find that the support of the Irish members is necessary to their existence, they will hold their hands from Catholic schools. If those who rule the Education Office are primarily political rather than religious Liberals, we shall be safe. But these are but slender ropes to which to trust, and they may be snapped at any moment. An outburst of Protestant bigotry may influence the Legislature. Our small numbers, while on the one hand they are our safeguard, on the other encourage our enemies to attack us the more boldly.

Perhaps the worst peril is the introduction of an insidious measure which will throw dust in the eyes of Catholics, and prevent those of them who belong to the Liberal party from opposing it. The Act of 1870 was of this character, in so far that in view of the advantages offered us, we did not foresee the increase and development of the Board schools, and the superior advantages that they would be able to offer. The present Act is certainly another step in the same direction, and though we cannot say that its provisions are unfair to denominational schools, yet we shrewdly suspect that as time goes on, the Board schools will profit the most from it. The London School Board has already passed a resolution making all Board schools free. This will put the denominational schools at a tremendous

disadvantage. The School Board can afford to be generous at other people's expense, and to employ the money paid by the friends of denominational education in bribing children away from denominational schools. But how are the denominational schools to raise the funds which the School Board draws at pleasure from the pockets of the ratepayers? Their subscribers will fancy that the new Act will render their subscriptions unnecessary, whereas more money than ever will be needed, if they are to maintain their efficiency. Unless the Government interferes with some effective measure, such as Lord Cranbrook gives hopes of, we fear that Board schools will ere long be triumphant. The Act is favourable to them in many points of detail. One clause which escaped the vigilance of the friends of the Voluntary schools in the Commons, provides that wherever there is not sufficient free education provided, the Board of Education shall see that the deficiency is supplied—and supplied not with Voluntary but with Board schools. Even if Catholics are ready to start a fresh school, and to provide the free education which the Board of Education declare to be necessary, they will not be allowed to do so, but the new school will be paid for out of the rates, and will be for all future time a non-denominational school.

We have therefore good reason to regard this new Act with dismay and apprehension. At the same time we cannot entertain unmixed regret at its having been passed at the present time and under the present Government. Though it was perfectly superfluous and uncalled for, yet every one who has watched the signs of the times has foreseen that come it must. The Conservatives, in bringing it forward, may have been influenced by a desire to be popular with the coming democracy, and with their allies the Liberal Unionists. But there was certainly another and a worthier motive underlying their action. If free education or something like it was a necessity, far better that it should come from those who are the friends of dogmatic teaching than from those who as a party are its enemies. It is true that there are among the Liberals many whose main desire is to suppress the teaching of dogmatic Anglicanism, and many among the Conservatives who, like the Orange faction, are bitter enemies of all things Catholic. It is also true that the Conservatism of the House of Commons, so far as it is religious, aims at the conservation of a false religion, and Liberalism, so far as it is anti-religious,

aims primarily at the destruction of the dominant heresy, and may thus accidentally do good service, as was the case when it cut down the "upas tree" of the Irish Protestant Establishment. But in spite of this the policy of Conservatism is, in matters of education, the policy of the Catholic Church. We do not want the Anglican schools to disappear and Board schools to take their place. We regret the continual encroachment of the rising flood on the "breakwater" of Anglicanism. It cannot affect the Church or her teaching, but it may grievously affect the future of our schools, and consequently the faith of the poorer class of Catholics. The honest desire of the Conservatives to do their best for the Voluntary schools makes them most anxious to retard the coming deluge, and the present measure is certainly framed with that object. Whether it will have this effect is quite a different question. But it is at least far better for our interests than any measure of Free Education from the other side.

The other topic of consolation for us is the pecuniary advantages for our poorer schools. The addition to our income will be very considerable, not in all, but in most of our Catholic schools. In some northern towns, in Manchester, Preston, and other well-to-do places, some of the schools will be out of pocket. But the loss will not be very great, and the income will be less fluctuating. In the south, and in all parts of England where the average of Catholics is very poor, there will be a distinct gain. In some of the London schools, the amount derived from the grant of ten shillings will be more than double what came from the fees paid by the parents. This is comforting in our present poverty. It will enable us to make our schools more efficient, and to make better provision for our under-paid teachers. We hope that it will not lead to any loss of voluntary aid. The necessity of a high standard of efficiency, if we are to save our children from the godless schools, is greater now than ever. What the future has in store for us is a matter of conjecture. All we can do is to build up our school system in the present, and to wait and hope and pray that the storm that threatens denominational education in the future may by God's mercy be diverted from our Catholic schools.

R. F. C.

Lawrence Oliphant.

EVERY one knows the famous passage in Macaulay where he classes together originators of Protestant religious movements, like John Wesley and Joanna Southcote, with saints like St. Francis of Assisi, St. Ignatius, or St. Teresa. Describing them all as fanatical enthusiasts, he proceeds to contrast the success of Catholicism and the failure of Protestantism in dealing with such phenomena. Protestantism allows such persons to depart from its fold and form themselves into fresh sects, while Catholicism is able to use them as instruments for renewing its own strength.

We cannot, of course, accept this judgment as it stands. Saints such as those mentioned are fanatical enthusiasts only to one who is either ignorant of the facts of their lives, or is unable to appreciate them at their true value. There is, however, a truth latent in Macaulay's reflection. Under most forms of fanaticism lies a germ of sound thought and impulse, and undoubtedly had the Wesleys and others come under the influence of the Catholic Church, the healthy germ that was in them would have had some chance of being fostered in its growth to a healthy maturity instead of degenerating into fanaticism.

We are led to make these observations at the present moment by the interest which has been taken in the career of Lawrence Oliphant since the recent publication of his *Life*.¹ In the adventures of this high-minded but eccentric personage we seem to have a striking illustration of the truth which Macaulay had in view. His biographer has indeed not thought of comparing the motives by which he was animated, and the strange life which he came to lead, with the motives that are so powerful in the Catholic Church, and the religious life in which they find the chief field of their exercise. The comparison is, however, sure to suggest itself to the minds of many readers,

¹ *Memoir of the Life of Lawrence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant his wife.* By Margaret W. Oliphant. 2 vols. Blackwood.

and is certain to elicit from Catholic readers sympathy for Mr. Oliphant, with regret that he should not have been led to turn his eyes towards the Catholic Church, and recognize in her ideals of life and her successful mode of translating them into practice, the goal towards which his aspirations were unconsciously impelling him. Had that happy direction been imparted to his strivings, perhaps some solid work for God and service of man might have resulted from the talents and self-sacrificing devotedness which, as it was, suffered shipwreck amidst the strange delusions of an obscure American sect.

We need not dwell on the circumstances of his birth, except to note how they opened to him the avenues of prosperous career, an advantage of which he was fully able to avail himself, being endowed by nature with just those qualities which cause a man to be liked and valued. He made such excellent company that his society was at all times courted, he had the most daring spirit of adventure, found a positive enjoyment in dangers from which most men would shrink, and had a bright and easy literary gift which opened to him the hearts of editors and publishers, including even the Editor of *The Times*, to whom he was always acceptable as special correspondent. Thus equipped we find him leading a life of literary, diplomatic, and social success in China and Japan, in India, in Russia, in America, and in the Crimea, with the most thorough enjoyment of it all, till his thirty-eighth year. Then, to the surprise and astonishment of his friends, breaking abruptly with his past, he departed for America in order to cast in his lot with an eccentric religious community under the government of one Thomas Lake Harris.

This Thomas Lake Harris, who still lives, is a man about whose personality very little can be gathered. He has adopted the shrewd policy of holding himself apart from public gaze and wrapping himself up in mystery. Mrs. Margaret Oliphant, the biographer of her connection, in spite of diligent research, has not been able to discover much either of his history, his views, or the secret of his influence. He seems to have been originally a Swedenborgian preacher of considerable force and eloquence, though not widely known. Some of his sermons, preached in former years in obscure London and provincial chapels, were taken down by short-hand writers and privately published. Of these Mrs. Oliphant gives the following account :

Very little, if anything, is said that is inconsistent with the most orthodox Christianity, slightly tempered by the Swedenborgian theory,

which replaces the Trinity by a Father and Mother God—a two-fold instead of a three-fold Unity—though even that is so little dwelt upon that it might easily be overlooked, even by a critical hearer; but not even the most careless could, I think, be unimpressed by the fervent and living nobility of faith, the high spiritual indignation against wrongdoing and against all that detracts from the divine essence and spirit of Christianity, with which the dingy pages, badly printed upon bad paper and in the meanest form, still burn and glow. . . . The very points that had most occupied the mind of Lawrence Oliphant, . . . the hollowness and unreality of what was called religion, the difference between the divine creed and precepts, and the every-day existence of those who were their exponents and professed believers—were the object of Harris' crusade. He taught no novelty, but only—the greatest novelty of all—that men should put what they believed into practice, not playing with the possibilities of a divided allegiance between God and mammon, but giving an absolute—nay, remorseless—obedience, at the cost of any or every sacrifice, to the principle of a perfect life.

This Thomas Lake Harris, with a view to the realization of his idea of a life of undivided allegiance, at length gathered around him a small number of persons of kindred views and aims, who established themselves in a settlement in America near Lake Erie, to which was given the name of Brocton. Their purpose was first of all by a rigid self-discipline to extinguish within themselves all self-seeking desires, and thereby render themselves receptive of a divine potency which should enable them not only to live the perfect life in themselves, but also to commend it successfully to others. They could then go forth into the world with the confident hope of starting a movement by which the face of the world would be gradually but surely transformed, and the hollowness and hypocrisy at present characterizing the life of professing Christians, quite as much as of others, would give way to a practice fully realizing the ideal set forth in the Person of our Lord. So far we have an excellent aspiration and a method crude indeed and impracticable, but still following lines not altogether unsound. Superstitions, however, of the strongest sort entered into the scheme. We have referred to the divine potency requisite to render possible the "life in Christ" as these people conceived it. The nature of this potency may be best described in words employed by Lawrence Oliphant at a later period :

What we are seeking for is a force which shall enable us to embody in daily life such simple ethics as those of Christ which were based on altruism, and which no one after eighteen hundred years of effort has succeeded in doing for want of adequate spiritual potency.

And the potency in question was "strangely thought to affect physically the respiration of those in whom it resided.

The world professes to believe in Christ and in living Christ's life: but the popular belief in Christ is either a mean concession to opinion or an empty superstition: and the embodiment of His life in ours practically, and I may almost say dynamically, so that we can be conscious of His living in us and living out through us, and by physical sensation (consisting chiefly in changes in the natural respiration) that we should feel His bodily life in ours, would be considered an absurdity, though it is promised from one end of revelation to the other.

Marriage in this strange community was to be completely spiritual and consequently Platonic. But it was considered to exercise an important function in bringing down the aforesaid spiritual potency. The distinction of sexes was held to correspond to the distinction which they blasphemously alleged to exist in the Godhead. There it was fused into the unity of a single Personality, and so also was it originally fused on earth: but by the Fall this unity was dissolved, to be re-established with the final victory of the perfect life in the world. Meanwhile the woman was deemed to be more receptive of the spiritual potency sought after, in its direct descent from above, whilst the man, receiving it through her, was better fitted to spread it among others.

The community at Brocton rendered the most implicit obedience to Mr. Harris, who held over them the sternest sway, arbitrarily assigning to them their spheres of work, whether there in the settlement or in the outside world, and relentlessly separating even wife from husband whenever he chose to consider that the spirituality of their affection for each other was abating in its purity and deteriorating into selfishness.

We must ask the pardon of our readers for occupying their time with these odd superstitions, but it was necessary if they were to have a definite idea of the mysterious sect which captured Lawrence Oliphant in the midst of his brilliant career. We may, however, dismiss from further notice the superstitious features of the system, and confine our attention to its more healthy idea of the necessity of a life of undivided allegiance to God, and of its offer to provide the means of consistently leading it. It was this which seems to have been the primary point of affinity between the Brocton community and Lawrence Oliphant, although he embraced also and retained

to the end the superstitions of the sect. That he should have embraced these superstitions must surely be set down to a vein of insanity clearly recognizable in his later life. His dislike for what appeared to him the insincerities of Christian practice in the reputedly pious people he saw around him and mixed with in society was of ancient date, and expresses itself in many of his letters, particularly in those to his mother, during the earlier half of his life. We have no space for quotations of his own words, but give his biographer's summary of his feelings in this respect.

From his earliest childhood, when he had been made (as so many children in those days were made—perhaps even some still) to collect texts out of the Bible in proof of this and that doctrine—till now that he had begun to sharpen his shafts against the worldly holy, and to feel his heart sicken in the untruthfulness of fashionable life, it had been his longing and devout prayer to get hold of something that promised not wrath and condemnation, but judgment and mercy, and here at last he found it. The very hardness of the terms which the new prophet required, the severity of the obedience which was demanded of his disciples, heightened the effect of the revelation. Bidden to be natural, to think the best of others, to do the best he could for himself so as not to interfere with his advancement, to be content with a modified standard, and to allow that in so imperfect a world only a very imperfect goodness was possible—were the soothing counsels that had been given to him, when in the intervals of amusement and occupation the pendulum swung back, and his thoughts returned to rend him. . . . The exhortation to come over and be separate, which had rung in his ears from so many pulpits, was a farce to him, knowing so well as he did what it meant; that it meant Lady Broadhem's conversazione instead of Lady Veriphast's ball, and the craft of that worthy Bishop who was the last to leave the billiard-room on most nights, but would not even have it lighted up when the missionaries were there. But when the unknown apostle appeared out of the Unseen, and, holding out an austere hand, said, "Come, give up everything; live the life—not with judicious restraints, so as to keep your place in society and do the best for yourself: but absolutely, putting that life before everything; then for the first time Lawrence heard the voice which for all his previous life he had been longing to hear.

When Oliphant arrived at Brocton in 1867, fresh from the society of Mayfair and the floor of the House of Commons, to which he had just been elected as Member for the Stirlingshire Boroughs, he was plunged at once into the rudest kind of life—

He was sent to sleep in a large loft containing only empty orange-boxes and one mattress, and he remembered arranging these articles so as to form some semblance of a cover. His earliest work was cleaning

out a large cattle-shed or stable. He often, he said, recalled in a sort of nightmare the gloomy, silent labour for days and days, wheeling barrows of dirt and rubbish in perfect loneliness, for he was not allowed to speak to any one; and even his food was conveyed to him by a silent messenger, to whom he might speak no word. Often after this rough work was ended, and he came home dead-beat at nine o'clock, he was sent out again to draw water for household purposes till eleven o'clock, till his fingers were almost frost-bitten.

This was in conformity with the general plan of subduing self within the neophytes, and with the like view Harris used to arrange his disciples in "groups of three or four persons to assimilate, but if the magnetism of one was found to be injurious to another, Harris was aware of it at once, and instantly separated them. Any strong, merely natural affection was injurious."

In such cases all ties of relationship were broken ruthlessly, and separations made between parents and children, husbands and wives, until "the affection was no longer selfish, but changed into a great spiritual love for the race;" so that, instead of acting and reacting on one another, it would be poured out on all the world, or at least on those who were in a condition to receive this pure spiritual love, to the perfection of which the most perfect harmony was necessary, any bickering or jealousy immediately dispelling the influx and "breaking the sphere."

For Lawrence Oliphant this probation lasted for about two years, after which he returned again, as suddenly as he had left it, to his London life. Such was his natural aptitude for society and for work, that he was able at once to take up and resume his former connections and occupations. Close intercourse with the Brocton community was, however, maintained, and particularly with its ruler, whose orders from time to time came to break in upon the disciple's engagements and require their abandonment, lest they should obtain too great a hold on his heart. One would have expected, after so searching a period of self-discipline, to find his life at this time differentiated from his life in the past by some endeavours to carry out his ideal of an allegiance to God not divided with the world. But there are no traces of this change in Mrs. Oliphant's pages, which exhibit him as changed in doctrine only, and not at all in conduct.

After two years from his return to Europe, years spent mainly in Paris as special correspondent of *The Times* during and after the war, he met with Alice Le Strange, the lady who

was destined to become his wife, and who appears to have been a charming woman in every way, and highly gifted. Before the marriage could take place, it was necessary that she should be indoctrinated with her husband's views and aims, and that the consent of Harris should be obtained. Both these ends were accomplished, and not long afterwards the summons came which transferred both wife and husband, and along with them Lady Oliphant, the mother of Lawrence, to the rude discipline and privations of Brocton life.

We cannot follow the fortunes of the strange pair further than to say that in 1881 they broke with Harris. What were the grounds of quarrel, and which party was in the right, is a matter wrapt up in mystery. According to Mrs. Margaret Oliphant, Harris was detected in pecuniary dishonesty, but according to Mr. Cuthbert, one of the Broctonites, who writes to the *Standard* of May 28th, Lawrence took the fancy that he had been commissioned by a special revelation to depose Harris, and succeed him as head of the community. It really does not concern us which story may be true, although it must be evident to all readers of his Life that the crack in Lawrence Oliphant's mind was growing wider, but the abandonment of his allegiance to Harris was in no sense the abandonment of the doctrines which he had imbibed from that teacher. These he and his wife continued to advocate till their death, which was not long delayed. The wife died in 1886, and he himself, after a second marriage of a few months' duration, in 1888.

After this very slight and inadequate sketch of the life of this extraordinary man, we may return to the reflections which have led us to think his career worthy of a moment's consideration from a Catholic point of view. If we appreciate rightly the feeling so strong in Oliphant, that the Christian world was out of gear and needed a stringent reformation which should recall it to the standard of the Gospels, it was not so much a feeling that the professing Christians around him did not act up to their creed, but rather a feeling that the creeds themselves of those in whose midst he was living reflected so insincerely the Gospel pattern. Opening the New Testament, he encountered precepts like these: "He that will come after Me must deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me;" "If a man will not leave father and mother and wife and children for My Name's sake, the same is not worthy of Me;" "Go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and then come and follow Me;"

"There are eunuchs who have made themselves such for the Kingdom of Heaven;" "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted;" "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven;" "This kind cannot be sent out save by much prayer and fasting;" "I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection, lest I myself become a castaway."

But when he closed the Divine pages and turned to consider the sects around him, he found these stern precepts unacknowledged, and an opposite ideal encouraged. Instead of the cross with its self-denials and its mortifications, the duty inculcated of accepting the good things which Providence has provided: the sacrifice of relations for the work of God declared to be not required, and to be even condemnable as involving the neglect of primary for secondary duties: voluntary celibacy pronounced an undesirable ideal, and voluntary poverty an abandonment of responsibilities: humility and obedience deemed to be degrading, fasting to be a silly and useless Manicheism. And as the teaching, so the practice. No one, he saw, feels himself called upon to go against his nature and make life unpleasant by attending to stern precepts which his pastors discouraged instead of inculcating, and so men get into the way of unconsciously disregarding their presence in the New Testament, and treating them as obsolete. Hence the tendency to break away from the sect to which he belonged, and form another which should give serious attention to these neglected precepts. Such a procedure seems to us most natural in an earnest Protestant, setting himself seriously to ponder on the ascetic spirit which pervades the teaching of the inspired writers. The only wonder is that it is not found more often.

But in the Catholic Church there can be no such tendency, for there is no such contrast between her faith and the inspired teaching. These self-same precepts are the living law of her being. Preached and held up as the ideal of perfection to every one without exception, prescribed as of obligation on all in some reasonable measure, and in that measure generally practised by all her observant children, fulfilled to the sublimest degree of perfection by not a few. And if it should seem that the language of the New Testament is too far-reaching to be satisfied by any moderate observances, the Catholic finds the difficulty completely met by the distinction which lies between precept and counsel. Not all that is recommended by our Lord is also prescribed as obligatory. In the spiritual, as in

the natural world, different degrees of endowment and proficiency are contemplated, and in both cases alike the hierarchy of gifts redounds to the good of all. Hence our Lord says of voluntary celibacy: "All cannot receive this saying, but those to whom it is given," and in His words here we have a canon of interpretation applicable also to those others which have been cited above. When this is borne in mind, the last vestige of apparent discrepancy between Catholic life and the pattern set by our Lord and His Apostles disappears. The ideal is proclaimed by the Catholic Church in all its stern sublimity, but the line is carefully drawn between the degree and circumstance in which observance is of precept and those in which it is only of counsel.

And the practice corresponds fully with the ideal. There may be bad Catholics, and these in certain times and places may abound, but their existence is manifestly no reflection on the Church. These apart, the life of the precepts is adequately realized in large numbers, and in lesser, though still large numbers, the life also of the counsels. Would it be possible to seek a fuller realization of these stern counsels than is found in the lives of the saints whom the Catholic Church has canonized? And what else are the religious orders save schools in which souls called to walk these higher paths can be taught and trained, schools in which whatever of the Brocton discipline was sound and healthy, has been successfully employed and perfected through centuries, with the most signal benefits to mankind.

Lawrence Oliphant was nurtured in the ideas of Scotch Puritanism and in all its prejudices against the Catholic faith. These were sufficient to prevent him from even taking into serious consideration the possibility that the Catholic Church might be the true home for his ideals. Probably also, had it been otherwise, his eccentricity would have closed to him the doors of every religious order. But if he could have been free from this physical defect, and able to surmount the prejudices of his birth, perhaps in some Catholic religious order he might have learnt to lead the life he was always aspiring after so vainly, and have left behind him the memory of good work done for God. As it is, we can only regard his career with compassion, as that of a noble soul shipwrecked on the shoals of a false faith.

The Catholic Conference, 1891.

A NUMBER of circumstances combined to render the prospects of the Conference this year less hopeful than usual. The difficulties of holding such a gathering in London far exceed those which attend similar meetings in the provinces. The very extent of London and the number of interests which attract Londoners in different directions militate against that concentration to which the Conferences at Manchester and Birmingham owed so much of their success. Londoners are proverbially difficult to move, and it must be owned that the Catholics of London showed little interest in this year's Conference compared with their co-religionists of the "metropolis of the midlands" and of "Cottonopolis." We were laughingly told last year, as a reason for holding the Conference at Birmingham, that the "sleepy midlands" required waking up; but the Conference that has just passed can hardly be said to have aroused any special enthusiasm among the Catholics of London.

Then there had been an alarm lest the Catholic Truth Society should be diverting its energies from what some regarded as its more legitimate objects by promoting a Conference, the programme of which was mainly occupied with social—or even, as some thought, socialistic—subjects. This alarm, felt most, it must be said, among those who had not examined the programme for themselves, was in great measure allayed by the letter published by the Bishop of Salford in the Catholic Press; and the programme found its fullest justification in the letter from Cardinal Rampolla, read at the opening of the Conference, in which it was distinctly stated that the Holy Father "approved the subjects proposed for discussion." But a certain feeling of distrust had nevertheless found expression in some quarters, and may have caused some to absent themselves. It was, moreover, not found possible to organize a "hospitality committee," and this may have prevented members from a distance from coming; though, all things

considered, the provinces were better represented than London itself. Almost at the last moment, too, one of the Secretaries sprained his ankle and was thus hindered from being present, while the other was summoned on a jury for the day of opening—a summons which, in the interests of the Conference, he felt justified in disobeying.

So much fear is (quite naturally) felt lest the Catholic Truth Society, which has organized and, indeed, invented the Conferences, should in any way deviate into the thorny path of politics, that it may be well to say again, at the risk of a charge of repetition, what has been mentioned more than once in these pages—namely, that the Society has not been, is not, and will not be, in any way associated with any political party. Such an association would be fatal to the Society, and the composition of the Committee, in which very different shades of politics are represented, should be sufficient to reassure any one upon this head. If we were tempted to err from the path of neutrality, the uncertain state of politics at present would be a sufficient warning, and one which comes home to ourselves: for early in our career we issued a pamphlet against Free Education, which was largely taken up by the very political party which has brought the question into the range of practical politics. Yet the Secretaries have more than once or twice received serious remonstrances with regard to certain supposed political proclivities, the most amusing being one in which it was supposed that the Catholic Truth Society had issued a prayer-book for soldiers from which the Prayer for the Queen was omitted, the reason for the omission being that although the Bible enjoined prayer for the King, the Queen was not mentioned! As we had never contemplated such a prayer-book, the answer to this charge was easy: but it is not so easy to understand how such a rumour could obtain credence and circulation.

If, however, the attendance at the Conference, so far as Londoners were concerned, was not as large as might have been expected, the proceedings themselves showed no falling off in interest. The presence of the Cardinal Archbishop at the opening meeting was an unexpected and most welcome feature in the proceedings, and the fact that His Eminence had not left his house for nine months previously was conclusive proof of his interest in the Truth Society and its work. His opening remarks left no doubt as to the view which he took of the programme and of the scope of the Society. "I know of no

subject of faith or morals which will not come, in the fullest sense of the word, within the range of the Catholic Truth Society. I say that if any one should ask the question whether the Social Question so comes, I rejoice in my presence on this occasion that I may hear these social questions discussed. I believe they come legitimately and vitally in the sphere of Catholic morals."

After the reading of letters of regret and sympathy from various well-known Catholics, the Secretary read a cordial answer from the Catholic Truth Society of America to the communication forwarded from the English Society at its annual meeting. This was followed by papers by Lord Clifford, the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, the Hon. Mrs. Pereira, and Miss Agnes Lambert on various ways of co-operation with such societies as that for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Association for Befriending Young Servants, and on the need for taking up work connected with sanitary matters, penny banks, and the like. Father Cologan's paper on the Drink Traffic brought the Cardinal to his feet with a speech full of playful earnestness upon one of the subjects particularly dear to his heart. "There are many people who have never been drunk in their lives, but they have often not been sober; and when I say they have not been sober, I mean that they have been in a state when they could not do a long division sum"—was one of the remarks which we fear is true of a great many moderate drinkers. The discussion on this subject brought to their feet Canon Murnane, Father Nugent of Liverpool, and Mr. Kegan Paul, who spoke as an abstainer of more than twenty-two years.

The Cardinal was not too tired by his exertions to hold a reception in the evening, at which there was a large attendance of gentlemen. The receptions (which included one by the Bishop of Salford at the Westminster Hall, and one by the Bishop of Southwark at St. George's) were a marked feature of the Conference; and if less dignified than that at Birmingham last year, were at least as successful in promoting friendly intercourse and interchange of opinion.

I do not propose to attempt any summary of the papers which were read, or of the discussions upon them; the Catholic Truth Society will shortly issue the former, and the latter were reported in the Catholic weekly Press. But the enthusiastic reception given to Dr. Casartelli's essay on Catholic Missions, and to the Bishop of Salford's masterly summary of the evidences of the position which St. Peter held in the pre-Reformation Church in England, showed that these, more than any others, awakened

a responsive chord in the hearts of the listeners; while Mr. Costelloe's paper on the Reform of the Poor Law was the subject of much approving comment.

The tone of the discussions was throughout admirable; indeed, it was matter of almost unfavourable comment that we were too harmonious. Occasionally, indeed, there were symptoms and expressions of differences of opinion, as when the Bishop of Salford humorously challenged the Bishop of Emmaus to a duel on the subject of vernacular devotions, or when Father Richardson's suggestion that boys who did not go to Mass should be severally let alone, brought out a protest that these were just the lads who needed to be looked after. But those who feared that the subjects for discussion were of so exciting a nature that they could not be talked about without provoking disedifying wrangles, must have been reassured when they saw how harmoniously even differences of opinion were discussed.

Among the matters of Catholic interest incidentally brought forward at the Conference, were two which may fitly receive a word of notice here. The Catholic organization which was advocated some years ago in this Review by Mr. Edward Lucas has taken shape, mainly owing to his persevering exertions, and the "Catholic Association," as it is to be called, is now before the Catholic public as a claimant for their support. Its aims and objects have been duly set forward in the weekly papers, and both are deserving of attention. The other scheme is the establishment in Southwark of a centre for Catholic lay work, under the patronage and presidency of the Bishop of Southwark. The centre will be styled "Newman House," and will be carried on by a committee, consisting of representatives from the various Catholic schools, Catholic members of the Universities, and others. A house has already been taken as a centre of operations by Mr. Sidney Parry, who is secretary of the scheme; and the work already in existence in Southwark will be carried on and developed in many new directions. The idea of such a centre was thrown out at the Catholic Conference of 1890, and had taken shape so far as to be definitely announced at the Conference of 1891. It may be hoped that before the 1892 Conference comes round, both Newman House and the Catholic Association may have become so far established as to take a prominent position in the rank of Catholic work.

JAMES BRITTEN.

St. William of Perth and Rochester:

A SAINT OMITTED BY BUTLER.

IT is not often that two countries, or two National Churches, are equally interested in the honours due to a Saint. But if a Saint has been born in one land, and then laboured in another, like St. Patrick, or has acquired sanctity at home and suffered martyrdom abroad like St. Boniface, there may be a holy rivalry between two nations in extolling his merits and invoking his intercession. In the case, however, of the Saint of whom I treat in this paper, although two Churches have equal interest, yet both seem to be indifferent or forgetful. The Scotch Church may claim the honour of having nurtured St. William, the English Church has the glory, without any of the shame, of his death, and England to this day possesses his tomb and sacred relics; yet neither does the Scotch nor the English Church, nor any diocese or religious Order in either, make any public commemoration of his name.

St. William was duly canonized by the Pope, yet, even before the Reformation, his name acquired little celebrity; no mention of him occurs in the general Calendars of the English or Scotch Churches. His public cult was confined to Rochester. After the Reformation he was not entirely forgotten. He was placed by Wilson, on May 23, in his *English Martyrology*, published in 1608, and David Chambers, a Scotchman, writing in 1631 a book on the *Fortitude of the Scots*, calls him "a most glorious martyr," and recounts his story (from Capgrave) for the glory of his country.¹ The *English Manual*, printed in Paris in 1682, as well as the *English Primer*, printed in Rouen in 1684, mentioned St. William of Rochester in their Calendars, on May 23rd, and when Dr. Challoner revised the *Manual* in

¹ David Chambers (of Fintray), in Latin "Camerarius," became Rector of the Scotch College at Paris. His book, *De Scotorum Fortitudine*, is arranged in the order of the Calendar, and he speaks of St. William on May 23rd.

1768, he retained the name and added the title of Martyr. Alban Butler, however, has no allusion to him in his *Lives of the Saints*, either in text or notes, and for that reason probably St. William's memory has suffered an eclipse among us since Butler's book appeared.

The silence of Butler cannot have been accidental. He was neither ignorant of the name found in so many Calendars, nor of the legend printed by Wynkyn de Worde, by Camerarius, and by the Bollandists. He must have judged it either fabulous or uncertain, and in any case insufficient for even a small pedestal in a niche in his great temple of All Saints. I am not one of those who carp at Alban Butler as an iconoclast. On the contrary, I admire his religious caution, and I see no ground whatever for charging him with being afraid of the miraculous when duly proved. I do, however, regret that his unpoetical temperament did not suggest the propriety of preserving beautiful legends and giving them as legends, even when he thought them unhistorical. In the case of St. William the old legend would lend itself to a charming poem or drama, even if it were proved fictitious as a narrative. But, this by the way. It is in the interest of history, not of poetry, that I am going to treat of St. William; and because facts are known to us that were unknown to Alban Butler or to the Bollandists.

The Bollandists, while giving St. William's legend, from Capgrave, confess that they have not been able to discover in what age he lived, and, though they found his name in some later martyrologies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, knew nothing of the fact of his canonization.¹ More recent publications have disclosed the year of his death and of his enrolment among the Saints.

The substance of Capgrave's legend is as follows: "William was a native of Perth and a baker by trade. While still a young man he gave himself to piety and works of mercy, and remained unmarried; he was wont to hear Mass daily, and he gave every tenth loaf to the poor. Coming early one morning to the doors of the church he found there a babe exposed. Moved by pity he gave the child to a good woman to nurse at his expense, he afterwards took him into his household, and at last adopted him as his son. His name, says the writer of the legend, was Cokermay Doveni, which means David the

¹ *Acta SS.* die 23 Maii (in fine). "Neque de tempore quo res contigit ulla verosimilis conjectura se offert."

foundling.¹ William made a vow to visit the Holy Land, and having the approval of his parish priest he went to the church to hear Mass, and his pilgrim's dress, his staff and wallet were blessed. He took his adopted son David as the companion of his travels. In the course of their journey they reached Rochester, where they spent a few days visiting the Cathedral; thence they were to pass to Canterbury. Now, whether David had fallen into vice and played the hypocrite, or whether he had received a rebuke and conceived hatred to his benefactor, or whether in some other manner the thing was brought about, we do not know; but David, like Judas, gave himself up to the instigations of the devil. He seems, on leaving Rochester, to have led his master off the high-road into a wood, where he treacherously struck him on the head, and fled. The dead body was discovered by a crazy woman who used to roam half-naked about the country. She made a garland of honeysuckle² and put it on the head of the corpse. Returning after a few days, she took her garland, tinged with the pilgrim's blood, and putting it on her own brow was immediately restored to her right mind. When she told in Rochester what she had found and what happened to herself, the people came out, and bringing the murdered pilgrim into Rochester, gave him honourable burial." So far the legend.

The *Nova Legenda* of Capgrave was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1516. The sources of the various histories are unfortunately not indicated. Capgrave is known to have rearranged the *Legenda Sanctorum* of John of Tynemouth, but in this there is no legend of St. William. Before discussing its authenticity, let me give certain facts from perfectly independent sources.

Henry Wharton, in his *Anglia Sacra*, prints what he calls Annals of the Church of Rochester, being the additions made by a Rochester monk (whom Wharton takes to be Edmund de Hadenham) to the *Flores Historiarum* of Matthew of Westminster. The *Flores* have been recently edited with great care by Mr. Luard in the Rolls Series.³ The Rochester additions end at A.D. 1306, so that they were probably extracted from the

¹ It is thus written in Capgrave, and not Cokerman Deveni, as it is printed in the new edition of the Bollandists.

² *Caprifolium* means both honeysuckle and woodbind.

³ The Rochester recension is called by Mr. Luard MS. N. It is a Cotton MS. Nero. D. 2, in the British Museum.

local annals by the transcriber about that time. From them we learn the following facts: (1) That a St. William was honoured as a martyr at Rochester early in the thirteenth century. (2) That he was known as William of Perth. (3) That his martyrdom took place in the year 1201 near Rochester. (4) That he was buried in the Cathedral Church. (5) That he had the fame of working miracles. (6) That he was canonized at Rome by the Pope in 1256.¹

A few more facts are found in the Rochester Registers, which were printed by Thorpe: "Justicia: Angliæ Hubertus de Burgo dedit fenestram mediam ad S. Willelmum." Now Hubert de Burgh, who gave this window in honour of St. William's tomb, or at least to be placed near St. William's tomb, was Grand Justiciary of England from 1219—1230. We learn then that about twenty years after his death William was called Saint.

Again, "The monk, Richard of Eastgate, sacristan of the Church of Rochester, began the north aisle of the new work towards the door of Blessed William; and Brother Thomas of Mepeham nearly completed it. William de Hoo, the sacristan, built the whole choir from the aforesaid aisles, by means of the oblations to St. William."² This was before William de Hoo's election to be Prior in 1239. Thus, without the legend of Capgrave, we should know that a Scotchman, William of Perth, was martyred near Rochester in 1201, greatly honoured shortly after his death, and canonized in 1256; but we should be greatly puzzled as to the nature and cause of his martyrdom, nor should we have known whether he was priest or layman. The legend then, of which we do not know the date, of which no MS. has yet been found, and of which the first appearance in print is in 1516, three centuries after the events it relates, is nevertheless confirmed by independent and almost contemporary documents, while it supplies their explanation. I do not see anything improbable in any of Capgrave's details. The writer, indeed, gives the words of David persuading William to turn

¹ The entries are as follows: "Anno 1201. Sanctus Willelmus de Perth martyrizatur extra civitatem Roffensem, et in Ecclesia Roffensi sepelitur, miraculis coruscando.

"Eodem anno (sc. 1256). Laurentius de S. Martino, Roffensis episcopus, transfretavit ad curiam Romanam, ubi impetravit canonizationem beati Willelmi martyris, qui in Ecclesia Roffensi requiescit." (*Flores Hist.* vol. ii.)

² The Rochester Register is in B.M. Cotton MS. *Vespasian A. 22*. Printed by Wharton, pp. 124, 125, and by Thorpe, *Registrum Roffense*.

aside, and the address of the crazy woman to the corpse. This was evidently mere dramatic writing, and not intended to be taken historically. But if a pilgrim had rested a few days at Rochester, and was found murdered, it might well be known to the inn-keeper at Rochester that he came from Perth, or some diploma of pilgrimage might have been found on his person; so that inquiries might have been instituted at Perth as to his previous life. His having come from Perth is mentioned by the Rochester annalist as well as by the legend, but the legend explains why he came to Rochester.

The annalist records the bare fact of William's martyrdom near Rochester; the legend gives us a plausible story, if not of a martyrdom, yet of a murder in circumstances that explain the title of martyr.

But it would be contrary to sound criticism to take Capgrave's legend as a sixteenth century document. For anything that appears to the contrary, it may be coeval with William's canonization; and though this cannot be proved, there are some intrinsic signs of antiquity.

The legend seems to be derived from the Lessons read at the feast in the Church of Rochester. The word *carissimi* occurs as in an address to be made, or that had been made, in a church. Perhaps some Celtic scholar can say whether Cokermay Doveni means in Gaelic, David the foundling. If so, it would be a strong confirmation that there had been communication with Scotland. Again, the legend mentions the ecclesiastical approbation and blessing of William's pilgrimage. I do not know whether there had ever been such a custom in England, but it is certain that pilgrimages to the Holy Land were undertaken in Scotland in the twelfth century, and that they were undertaken solemnly with the blessing of the Church. The 77th of the *Leges Burgorum* of Scotland, gathered together in the reign of King David (1124—1153), was as follows: "If any man of the King's burgh be past on pilgrimage, *with leave of the Kirk and his neighbours*, to the Holy Land or to St. James, or to any other holy spot, for the health of his soul, his house and his family shall be in our Lord the King's peace and the bailiff's until the time God bring him home again."¹

Thus then I am disposed to accept Capgrave's legend as the true story of St. William of Perth and Rochester. At the same time, let it be well understood that the evidence for William's

¹ *Ancient Laws and Customs of the Burghs of Scotland*, 1868.

existence, his Scotch origin, his martyrdom, both as to place and date, his popular veneration as a Saint and Martyr, and above all, his canonization, in no way rest on the evidence of Wynkyn de Worde's Capgrave.

As regards the relics of the Saint, I suppose they still rest in the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew, Rochester. The *Flores Historiarum* mention the position of the shrine in relating the death of a bishop. "Anno 1278 obiit Walterus de Mertone, Episcopus Roffensis, et sepultus est honorifice in Ecclesia eadem, in parte boreali juxta sepulchrum S. Willelmi."

The Rev. Dr. Scott wrote to Bishop Forbes: "St. William's tomb, a plain altar-tomb under a semicircular recess in the wall, still retaining what may have been its original rude diapering, stands at the north end of the north choir transept, between the north-east corner and Bishop Walter de Merton's tomb. I am not sure whether this was the 'shrine,' or whether there was an altar in an adjoining chapel on the east side. Let me add that there is a passage up the north aisle of the choir with a flight of steps very much worn by the feet [or knees?] of the pilgrims visiting St. William's shrine."¹

William Lambard, a lawyer, who wrote a scurrilous *Perambulation of Kent* about the year 1572, after relating how William was "promoted by the Pope from a poor baker to a blessed Martyr" (as if that was a ludicrous transformation in a disciple of the Son of the carpenter of Nazareth), continues as follows: "Here, as they say, he moulded miracles plentifully; but certain it is that mad folks offered unto him liberally, even till these latter times, in which the beams of God's truth, shining in the hearts of men, did quite chase away and put to flight this and such other gross clouds of will worship, superstition, and idolatry." This is but a specimen of what may be expected by those who consult the older Protestant local historians regarding the saints. The very name of sanctity seems spontaneously and inevitably to elicit from them scoffing and ribaldry, generally accompanied by gross blunders. In 1772 the Rev. Samuel Denne published a *History of Rochester*.² He attributes Bishop Lawrence of St. Martin's zeal for the honour of St. William to a desire to make money in order to repair the ravages made in the Cathedral in 1264 by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester,

¹ Letter to Bishop Forbes, printed in his *Kalendars of Scottish Saints*.

² His name did not appear on the title-page, and the book is generally called Fisher's, from the name of the publisher.

and says that his "stratagem appears to have succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations." Now the canonization of St. William took place eight years before the siege of Rochester by De Montfort, and could not therefore have been prompted by that event. This is a minor inexactitude. Mr. Denne, however, almost attributes the murder of St. William to a stratagem of the monks. Thus at least he embellishes the story he found in Lambard, and which Lambard had taken from Capgrave. "William," he says, "had not gone far from Rochester, before his servant (*very fortunately for the monks*) led him out of the highway, robbed and murdered him. The servant escaped, *it not being so much for the interest of the Church to find him as his master.*" As the monks were not officers of justice, and there was plenty of time for the murderer to escape to France before the dead body was discovered, there is no ground for accusing either them or any one else for the escape of David; but Mr. Denne wished to insinuate that the monks had laid a deep scheme to make a Saint and get up a pilgrimage, and had bribed David to murder his master. In any case, if the monks were not instigators of murder, they were cunning rogues, according to this Protestant clergyman. "This," he says, "was the basis of Bishop Lawrence's scheme, who, perceiving in the people a reverend esteem for this holy pilgrim's memory and sepulchre, which no doubt was *artfully* cherished by the monks, determined to procure William's canonization from Rome, and thus restore his church to its ancient wealth and honour. The first-fruits or offerings already made to William, as a holy pilgrim, gave flattering hopes of a golden harvest from William the Saint and blessed Martyr," &c.¹ It is pleasant to be able to say that this stupid scoffing is no longer so common as formerly. Of late years in Rochester a hospital, if not precisely placed under the invocation of St. William, has been called after his name. Before the Reformation a church in Rochester was dedicated to St. William. Is it presumptuous to express a wish that the dioceses of Southwark and Dunkeld

¹ We do not know what inquiries were made by the Pope, who, in 1256, was Alexander the Fourth, but fortunately the Acts of the Canonization of St. Thomas of Hereford are still in existence. From them we find what precautions were taken at that period to prevent *artifice* in creating or augmenting local veneration of saints. The first step of the mixed commission, Italian and English, was to ascertain that the *ex votos*, &c., at the tomb of St. Thomas were all spontaneous offering, and that nothing had been done to *get up* a pilgrimage for interested ends.

may revive the memory of this holy man, whom God honoured by so many miracles and the Church canonized?

A doubt may occur as to his proper ecclesiastical *cultus*. The Church of Rochester honoured St. William as a martyr. How is he a martyr, if we accept the legend of Capgrave as his true history? A martyr is one who suffers death *willingly* at the hands of a persecutor for the faith of Christ or for some virtue appertaining to the faith.¹ Now in the case of St. William both conditions required for martyrdom seem to be wanting, viz., willingness in the victim and hatred of the faith in the murderer. So far as we know, William may have been assassinated by a sudden blow struck from behind his back, and David may have been instigated by mere hatred of his master or by avarice. I speak with diffidence, but from the treatise of Benedict the Fourteenth I should gather that in such circumstances, martyrdom in the strict sense could not be claimed for him, and that he was called a martyr rather in a wide and popular sense, as having shed his blood while engaged in a holy action. Even putting aside Capgrave's version, it is not easy to conceive how the words of the Rochester Chronicle, *Martyrizatur extra civitatem Roffensem*, can be taken to imply that in the year 1201 death had been inflicted on him out of hatred for the faith in a Catholic country like England. The matter seems to require the decision of ecclesiastical authority.²

T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R.

¹ Benedict the Fourteenth, *De Canon. SS.* lib. iii. cap. 13. In ch. 16, he proves that the will to die must be at least virtual. An interpreted or supposed will is not sufficient.

² In the Appendix to Usuard, printed in 1515, it is said: "Guilielmi Martyris Roffensis, cujus corpus cum jaceret occultum, divinitus per miracula revelatum fuit." This was printed before Capgrave's legend and, taken by itself, might have been supposed to imply that William was a Saint who had died perhaps ages before and whose relics were discovered by means of some miraculous occurrences. Yet the words may be interpreted in perfect harmony with the story of finding the body recently slain, and the cure of the mad woman.

Molanus, in his Appendix to Usuard, has, "In Anglia, civitate Roffensi, passio S. Gulielmi."

*The Apology of Aristides.*¹

THE last quarter of the nineteenth century has certainly been fortunate in the recovery of early Christian writings. In 1875, Philotheus Bryennius, Metropolitan of Serra (now of Nicomedia), first gave to the world, in an edition published at Constantinople, the full text of the first Epistle of St. Clement of Rome; and in the following year a Syriac manuscript of the Epistle came into the possession of the University of Cambridge, a careful collation of which with the Greek text was forthwith made and published by the late Bishop Lightfoot. In 1883, Archbishop Bryennius published, from the same MS. volume which contains the letter of Clement, the long-lost *Didachê*, or "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," a document which has since given rise to quite a literature of commentary and criticism. In the same year, 1883, Professor Ramsay discovered *in situ*, among the ruins of the forgotten city of Hieropolis, in Asia Minor, the interesting and important epitaph of Abercius. Meanwhile, in 1876, Mœsinger had edited, in a Latin translation from the Armenian, the hitherto unknown commentary of St. Ephrem on the Diatessaron of Tatian; and in 1888, the learned Augustinian, Father Ciasca, published an Arabic text, with a Latin translation, of the much-desired Diatessaron itself.²

When, as long ago as 1878, the Mechitarist Fathers of the Venetian Monastery of San Lazzaro published an Armenian fragment of what purported to be the Apology of Aristides, the discovery was received with not a little incredulity. "L'au-

¹ *The Apology of Aristides*. Edited and Translated by J. Rendel Harris, M.A., with an Appendix by J. Armitage Robinson, M.A. Cambridge University Press, 1891. [This paper was in type some weeks before the appearance, in the *Contemporary Review* for July, of an article by Professor G. J. Stokes on the same subject. I mention this because otherwise a certain similarity of treatment might not unnaturally suggest the hypothesis of unacknowledged borrowing on my part.—H. L.]

² Already, in 1883 Father Ciasca had given (in *Analecta Sacra*, iv. 465, seq.) a tolerably full account of the contents of the Diatessaron as contained in an Arabic MS. in the Vatican Library.

thenticité de cette pièce," wrote M. Renan, "ne soutient pas l'examen. C'est une composition plate qui répondrait bien mal à ce qu'Eusebe et S. Jérôme disent du talent de l'auteur," and so forth.¹ Some of the expressions, it was said, savoured rather of the fourth than of the second century; and no ground was afforded by the published fragments for St. Jerome's description of the work as *contextum philosophorum sententiis*. But about two years ago Professor Rendel Harris was fortunate enough to discover, in the Monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, a Syriac version of the entire work; a discovery which has at once confirmed the substantial genuineness of the Armenian fragment, shown (if I mistake not) the correctness of St. Jerome's description of Aristides' work, and at the same time so far justified the judgment of the critics as to make it most probable that some at least of the suspected expressions in the Armenian version are to be ascribed rather to the translator than to his original. The Syriac text, found in 1889, has been published within the last few weeks, with an Introduction, Translation, and Notes, as the first of a series of "Texts and Studies: Contributions to Biblical and Patristic Literature," which are to issue from the Cambridge University Press. The edition, in the preparation of which, as will presently be more fully explained, Mr. Harris has had the able co-operation of Mr. Armitage Robinson, thoroughly deserves the cordial welcome which it will no doubt receive, especially from English students of ecclesiastical antiquity.

What has been said above will have sufficiently illustrated the tendency, if we may so call it, of early Christian documents (and the same is no doubt the case with others also) to come to light in duplicate. Another curious feature of these recent discoveries, or rather recoveries, is that in several cases they have revealed the fact that we have been long since possessed of unrecognized and therefore unavailable treasures—of literary caskets to which the key was wanting. Thus the epitaph of Abercius had been extant for centuries in the compilation of Simeon the Metaphrast; but it had been so pooh-poohed by the critics, till Mr. Ramsay found the original, that hardly any one ventured to quote it for any serious purpose. So again, the structure of Tatian's Diatessaron had been correctly indicated by Victor of Capua, in a Gospel Harmony which has been known to the learned for more than a century and a half.

¹ *Origines de Christianisme*, vol. vi. p. vi. quoted by Mr. Harris.

But previously to the publications of Mœsinger and Ciasca, it had been taken for granted that Victor had blundered, and that nothing was to be learned from him about Tatian's work.¹ But still more remarkable is the circumstance that while Mr. Harris' Syriac text and translation of Aristides were passing through the press, Mr. Robinson, having read a portion of Mr. Harris' proof sheets, made the startling discovery that a Greek text of almost the entire Apology is enshrined in the legendary history of Barlaam and Josaphat, a work commonly printed with the works of St. John of Damascus, but in reality of much earlier date.² The author of this hagiological romance has put almost the whole of the Apology of Aristides, in the form of a speech, into the mouth of a certain Nachor, one of his *dramatis personæ*. Indeed, the speech is more than a mere episode in the narrative. It is, as Mr. Robinson shows, carefully led up to, and forms the turning-point of the story.

This most fortunate discovery has enabled Mr. Robinson to enrich Mr. Harris' edition and translation of the Syriac version with an Appendix consisting of a critical recension of the Greek text, prefaced by a very valuable essay. And as Mr. Harris has embodied in his own Introduction to the Syriac text a two-fold version of the Armenian fragment, it will readily be believed that the two Editors have put within easy reach of the student almost all the materials bearing on the subject which are at present known.

Roughly speaking, it may be said that while the Greek text here and there shows unmistakeable marks of compression, the Armenian almost undoubtedly exhibits an expanded and paraphrastic translation. The Syriac translator appears on the whole to have kept faithfully to his original. Mr. Robinson, indeed, shows a preference (is it, perhaps, a parental predilection?) for the Greek text as against the Syriac; but in this I cannot follow him. The Greek adapter—for such indeed he is—having, as Mr. Robinson himself points out, freely

¹ Victor's Harmony is constructed, with some modifications, on the basis of the Diatessaron; but the writer, instead of translating directly from Tatian's work, naturally made use of the existing Vulgate version. A single MS. of this book, written about A.D. 550 by order of Victor himself, and corrected by him, has come down to our own day. It is known as the *Codex Fuldensis* of the Vulgate.

² A Latin translation of the *Lives of Barlaam and Josaphat*, a work which seems to have been highly popular in the middle ages, and which Professor Max Müller in our own day has made the subject of a learned dissertation, was printed in 1539, and the original Greek in 1832. (Robinson, p. 80.) I am not here concerned with Professor Max Müller's theory of the Buddhistic origin of the *Lives*.

transposed whole paragraphs of the Apology to suit his own purpose, affords us no guarantee whatever that he has not indulged in lesser changes also, in the way of condensation. The fact that a portion of the very first chapter of the Syriac "cannot be translated as it stands"¹ indicates perhaps that the Syriac writer has imperfectly understood his original; but it would seem that the occasional obscurity of his language deserves to be reckoned to the credit of his fidelity as a translator.²

It is now time to attempt to give the reader some account of the nature and contents of the work itself; postponing to the close of this paper the discussion of the question of date (whether between A.D. 117—138 or between A.D. 138—161), which is raised by the Syriac superscription. The Apology of Aristides is a short tract of seventeen chapters, the English translation occupying as many octavo pages. The writer begins with a noble passage on the existence of God, as inferred from the order of the world, and on the Divine attributes. I give the passage in full, not precisely as it stands in Mr. Harris' rendering of the Syriac, but in a form which to the best of my judgment represents the original, so far as this can be reconstructed from a comparison of the three texts, Greek, Syriac, and Armenian.³

I, O King, by the Providence of God was created and came into the world; and having contemplated the heavens, the earth, and the sea, the sun, the moon, and the stars, and the rest of creation, was amazed at the order and arrangement thereof: and perceiving that the world and all that is therein are moved by necessity, I understood that He who moves and governs them is God, who is hidden in them and conceals Himself from [? behind] them. For whatever moves and controls is stronger than that which is moved and controlled.⁴

¹ Robinson, p. 54.

² Mr. Robinson urges the parallel case of the Syriac version of the *Hypomnemata Ambrosii* given in Cureton's *Spicilegium Syriacum* as compared with the Greek text of the *Oratio ad Gentiles* attributed, rightly or wrongly, to St. Justin. But the fact that one Syriac translator expanded his original proves only that another *might* have done so, not that he did. There are plenty of instances of faithful Syriac versions from the Greek to be set on the other side of the account.

³ The Armenian text I know only through the medium of translations. Of these Mr. Harris' book contains two; that of the Venetian editors, and another made by Mr. F. C. Conybeare. A third, on which I have chiefly relied, is given by the late Abbé Martin in *Analecta Sacra*, iv. 282, seq.

⁴ It would seem that Melito, in his so-called Apology (rather perhaps his work, *περί ἀληθείας*), must have had this passage in mind when he wrote, enlarging on the text of his predecessor: "He hath set before thee the heavens, and He has placed in

But to scrutinize Him who is the mover and controller of all things appears to me a most difficult and endless matter, and to speak accurately concerning Him is impossible and (the attempt to do so) altogether profitless. For His nature is infinite and unsearchable and inaccessible to all creatures. But this we can and ought to understand, that He who governs all things is God of all, and that He made all things for the sake of man.¹ Wherefore we ought to adore Him alone as the true God and to love our neighbours as ourselves.

I say, then, that God is not begotten, not made; without beginning, without end, unchangeable; immortal, perfect, and incomprehensible.² Such is His perfection that there is no deficiency in Him, and He has need of nothing, but all things have need of Him. He is without beginning; because everything which has a beginning has also an end, and that which has an end is dissoluble. He has no name; for whatever has a name partakes of the nature of created things. He has no colour nor shape; for whatever has a colour and shape is limited and measurable. He is not male nor female, for difference of sex brings with it the agitations of passion. He is not contained by the heavens; for the heavens and all things visible and invisible are contained in Him. There is none that withstandeth Him, for none is comparable with Him: and therefore there is in Him no movement of wrath, because none can withstand Him. In Him is no forgetfulness nor ignorance, for He is wholly and purely wise; and in His wisdom He created and sustaineth all things that are. He needs no sacrifice and no libation, nor any visible [created] thing; He asketh nothing of man, every soul asketh of Him.

them the stars. He hath set before thee the sun and the moon, and they every day fulfil their course therein. He hath set before thee many waters, and restrained them by His word. He hath set before thee the vast earth which is still and continueth before thee in one fashion. And in order that thou mayest not suppose that of its own nature it continueth, He also maketh it quake whensoever He desireth. He hath set before thee the clouds, which by ordinance bring water from above, . . . that from these things thou mightest understand that He who moveth them is greater than they all, and that thou mightest accept (? acknowledge) the goodness of Him who hath given thee a mind by which thou mayest distinguish these things." (Cureton, *Spic. Syr.* pp. 46, 47.) And again (p. 50), "He made the light that His works may behold one another, and He concealeth Himself in His might from all His works," &c.

¹ Melito, on the other hand (p. 47), writes: "To what end, therefore, this world was created . . . thou art not able to know until thou shalt have lifted up thy head from this sleep in which thou art sunken, and have opened thine eyes, and have seen that there is one God, the Lord of all, and have served Him with all thy heart." The later apologist rightly insists on the moral conditions of spiritual knowledge.

² "He was not made, nor yet brought into being, but exists from eternity, and will exist for ever and ever. He changeth not while all things are changed. No sight is able to behold Him; nor understanding able to comprehend Him; nor words to describe Him; and those who love Him call Him after this manner—Father and God of Truth." (Melito, *Ibid.* pp. 41, 42.) It would be easy to multiply these parallels, all of which would show in Melito a distinct advance upon Aristides.

Such, then, being the Divine nature, so far as it can be apprehended by man and expressed in human language, the Apologist goes on to inquire who among mankind have held any part of the truth concerning God, and who, on the other hand, have gone astray from the truth. The writer lays it down, as a matter which does not admit of question, that "there are four races of men in the world, Barbarians and Greeks, Jews and Christians." In the Greek text, indeed, as contained in *Barlaam and Josaphat*, the distinction between Barbarians and Greeks is passed over, and they are classed together as polytheists.¹ But it can hardly be doubted that the four-fold division, in which the Syriac and Armenian agree, is that of the original text. The Barbarians, then, says the writer, trace their descent² from Bel and Cronos, the Greeks from Helenus, the Jews from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the twelve Patriarchs.

The Christological section which follows is of sufficient interest to be given in full in the three versions which have come down to us. It is, unfortunately, just the passage in which the most important variants occur.

<i>Greek.</i>	<i>Syriac.</i>	<i>Armenian.</i>
The Christians . . . derive their pedigree (<i>γενεαλογούνται</i>) from the Lord Jesus Christ. He, being the Son of God Most High, came down from Heaven, it is confessed, by [the power of] the Holy Spirit, for the salvation of men, and being conceived of a holy Virgin without the intervention of man or detriment to her virginity (<i>ἀσπόρως τε καὶ ἀφθόρως</i>), took flesh and	But the Christians reckon the beginning of their religion from Jesus Christ, who is named the Son of God Most High; and it is said that God came down from Heaven and from a Hebrew Virgin took and clad Himself with flesh,	The Christians derive their descent from the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the Son of God Most High, who was made manifest by the Holy Spirit. He came down from Heaven; and being born of a Hebrew Virgin took flesh from the Virgin

¹ Οἱ τῶν παρ' ὑμῖν λεγομένων θεῶν προσκυνηταί. Mr. Robinson is surely mistaken in supposing this to have been the original division. It is inconceivable that a scribe having the Greek text, as it stands, before him, should have interpolated a plan of division for which there is no known parallel elsewhere. On the other hand, the omission of a distinction between Greeks and Barbarians was a necessity for the writer of a romance whose scene is in Persia.

² It is not very clear whether a genealogical descent is here intended. The Syriac has, "reckon the beginning of the race of their religion" (*sic*), the Armenian merely, "genus suum ducunt." The Greek omits this preliminary description of the races. Other religious ancestors are of course named in succession to those mentioned above.

appeared to men, that He might recall them from the error of polytheism (*ἐκ τῆς πολυθείου πλάνης*).

and there dwelt in a daughter of man the Son of God. This is taught from that Gospel which a little while ago was spoken among them as being preached [?so Harris]; wherein if ye also will read ye will comprehend the power that is upon it.

This Jesus, then, was born of the race of the Hebrews.

[He had twelve disciples (*vide infra*)].

And having completed His wonderful dispensation (*οἰκονομίαν*), He tasted death upon the Cross of His own free-will, according to His great dispensation; and after three days He came to life again and ascended to Heaven. The glory of whose [second] coming (*παρουσίας*) thou, O King, mayest learn if thou wilt consult the sacred writing which they call the Gospel.

He had twelve disciples, who, after His Ascension to Heaven, went forth to the regions of the world and taught His greatness.

He had twelve disciples, in order that a certain dispensation of His might be fulfilled.

He was pierced by the Jews, and He died and was buried, and they say that after three days He rose and ascended into Heaven.

And then those twelve disciples went forth into the known regions of the world, and taught concerning His greatness with all humility and sobriety; and on this account those also who to-day believe in this preaching are called Christians, and are well known.

and was manifested in the nature of humanity as the Son of God, and sought to win the entire world to His eternal promises by His life-giving Gospel.

He it is who, being of the race of the Hebrews, was born of the God-bearing Virgin Mary.

He chose twelve disciples, that He might instruct the whole world by the dispensation of His enlightening truth.

He was nailed to the Cross by the Jews,

rose from the dead, and ascended to Heaven,

sending His disciples into the whole world; enlightening all by Divine and wonderful prodigies,

whose preaching to this day blossoms and bears fruit, and summons all the world to receive the light.

A careful study of the above passage suggests the following remarks by way of critical commentary:

(1) "He . . . it is confessed, came down from Heaven (*ὁμολογῆται . . . καταβάς*) by [the power of] the Holy Spirit (*ἐν πν. ἁγ.*)."

verb *ὁμολογείται*, "it is confessed," which at first sight has nothing corresponding with it in the Syriac or Armenian, is very appropriate in what is in effect a profession of faith. I strongly suspect that a misunderstanding or misreading of this verb is responsible for "is named," and "it is said," in the Syriac, and for "was made manifest" in the Armenian. It will be observed that the Greek and Armenian agree in the mention of the Holy Spirit, though in a somewhat different correction. A slight error of translation, such as I have suggested, would account for the difference.

(2) "It is said that God came down." (Syr.) Neither the Greek nor the Armenian give any countenance to this form of expression, nor does the context favour a change of subject. The Apologist follows and briefly paraphrases the Articles of the Creed. The weak expression, "it is said," is probably an echo of the Greek *ὁμολογείται*.

(3) "For the salvation of men." (Gr.) Neither the Syriac nor the Armenian have anything answering to this. It may be set aside as an interpolation, as may also the phrase *ἀσπόρως τε καὶ ἀφθόρως* a little lower down. Both phrases are in place in the speech of Nachor, but hardly perhaps in the memorial of Aristides to a Roman Emperor of the second century. The idea of "salvation" would have seemed to need somewhat of development.

(4) "And there dwelt in a daughter of man the Son of God." (Syr.) Here the Syriac is alone, and the sentence cannot be accepted as it stands. A comparison with the Armenian ("and was manifested in human nature the Son of God") suggests that the Syriac copyist¹ has read *b'bart 'nosh* (in a daughter of man) for *bab'sar 'nosh* (in flesh of man). Possibly we are to accept both verbs, "dwelt" (Syr.) and "was manifested" (Gr. Arm.), as belonging to the original text. Compare St. John i. 14, "And the Word was made flesh *and dwelt* amongst us, *and we saw His glory*," &c.

(5) "Was born of the God-bearing (= *θεοτόκος*) Virgin Mary." (Arm.) These words must, it would seem, be set aside as extraneous to the original text. Not simply because the term *θεοτόκος*, or an equivalent, is to be deemed out of place in the second century—for of this it behooves us not to be too sure—but rather because it is difficult to imagine any reason for the omission of the clause by the Syriac translator had it found a place in the Greek original, and also because the words seem foreign to the logical sequence of the context. The writer reverts to a former statement ("this Jesus then was born of the race of the Hebrews"); and it would seem strange that after speaking of our Blessed Lady as "a Hebrew Virgin," he should immediately afterwards refer to her by name as "the God-bearing Virgin Mary."

(6) "That a certain dispensation of His might be fulfilled." (Syr.) It is clear that the Syriac translator, or copyist, has imperfectly under-

¹ It may, I think, be assumed that the defects of the Sinaitic MS. are due in part to a transcriber, and not entirely to the original translator.

stood his original. The minimum of correction would be the substitution (suggested by Mr. Robinson) of some word meaning "wonderful" (answering to *θαυμαστήν* in the Greek) for the indefinite adjective. But I should incline to think that the Armenian here has retained the true sense. The Greek adapter having postponed the mention of the twelve Apostles, would naturally cut short the description of the *oikonomia*, and "dispensation of illuminating truth" has at least the merit of being intelligible and explicit.

(7) "He was pierced (nailed to the Cross) by the Jews." (Syr. Arm.) The Greek adapter, it would seem, had no occasion to specify the Jews as the agents in our Lord's death, and so has substituted a phrase ("tasted death") which recalls Heb. ii. 9. Mr. Harris thinks that the expression, "He was pierced (or crucified) by the Jews," must have been a clause in the current profession of faith.¹ It seems more reasonable to suppose that the circumstances under which Aristides wrote suggested the mention of the Jews rather than of Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor, in connection with our Lord's death.

(8) "The glory of whose [second] coming (*παρορίας*)," &c. Here the Greek stands alone; and the admonitory reference to the coming of our Lord in glory, while sufficiently in place in the speech of Nachor, is perhaps less appropriate to the purpose of the Apology. But the reference to the written Gospel is no doubt genuine. The Greek adapter appears to have transferred it from its original place above, where the Syriac has an almost unintelligible sentence: "This is taught from (? in) that Gospel . . . wherein if ye will read," &c. In what follows to the end of the paragraph it may be assumed that the Syriac best represents the original. The Armenian version seems (as Mr. Harris points out) to contain an allusion to St. Mark xvi. 20.

The Christological section of the Apology is followed, in the Syrian and Armenian, by the somewhat enigmatical statement that "To God ministers the wind, and to angels fire; but to demons water, and to men earth."² The general idea, whatever may have been its exact expression in the original, is founded on a supposed correspondence or analogy between the "four elements," and the nature of God, of angels, of demons, and of men respectively. The relation of demons to the element of water is probably referable to a reminiscence of "the waters

¹ This I cannot regard as probable. No trace of any such clause is to be found in any of the slightly varying forms of the primitive Creed (Roman, African, Spanish, Gallican, Lombard) which have come down to us. They are unanimous in the mention of Pontius Pilate, the very point in the Creed in which some variety, by way of omission or of substitution, might have been looked for.

² So the Syriac. Mr. Conybeare renders the Armenian thus: "But to the Deity is appointed the spiritual, and to angels the fiery, and to devils the watery, and to the race of men the earth." The Venetian editors have: "Divinitati spiritualis natura propria est," &c.

under the earth,"¹ and the whole seems to be a sort of echo of Psalm ciii. (civ.) 4. Perhaps, too, the writer intends to suggest some kind of correspondence—though not in detail—with his four-fold division of mankind.

The main body of the treatise (cc. iii.—xiii.) which now follows consists of a refutation in detail of various forms of idolatry, as practised by the "Barbarians" and the Greeks respectively. The writer takes in order various forms of nature-worship (and it is this part of the treatise more especially which appears to me to justify St. Jerome's description of it as *contextum philosophorum sententiis*); and then proceeds to hold up to ridicule the religious honours paid, either to departed heroes, or to mythological divinities whose morals are as disgraceful as their adventures and attributes are ludicrous and contemptible.

Into this part of his subject it is not necessary that we should follow him, as his treatment of it hardly differs, except in point of brevity, from that with which St. Justin and other early Christian writers have made us familiar. The chief interest of these chapters lies in their being perhaps the earliest extant example (outside of Holy Scripture) of this style of argument.

Chapter xiv. brings us back to the Jews, who, it may be noted, are treated far more gently by the writer of this Apology than, for instance, by the author of the *Letter to Diognetus*. A similar contrast may be noted between St. Justin and Tatian in their treatment of the heathen philosophers. The Jews, says Aristides, worship One God, whom they esteem the Creator of all and Almighty.

And in this they appear to be much nearer to the truth than all [other] peoples, in that they pay the highest worship to God and not to His works; and they imitate God in respect of the love which they have for man; for they have mercy on the poor, and ransom the captive, and bury the dead, . . . things which are acceptable to God and well-pleasing also to men, things which they have received from their fathers of old. Nevertheless, they too have gone astray from accurate knowledge, and they suppose in their minds that they are serving God, but in the methods [? circumstances] of their actions their service is to angels and not to God, in that they observe sabbaths and new moons and [the feast of?] unleavened bread,² and the great fast, and the fast, and circumcision, and cleanness of meats; which things not even thus have they perfectly observed.

¹ Exodus xx. 4.

² Mr. Harris renders "the Passover," but *pathiro* in the New Testament always has the meaning of "unleavened bread." In 1 Cor. v. 7 (Syr. Pesh.) the word occurs in immediate juxtaposition with *pescho* (Pasch or Passover).

This charge against the Jews of serving angels rather than God, suggests such passages as Col. ii. 16, 18, where Jewish observances are mentioned in connection with a "religion of angels;" and again, Heb. ii. 5: "For God hath not subjected to angels the world to come," *i.e.*, the world under the New Dispensation. The fundamental idea underlying the Apostle's words seems to be that the Old Dispensation having been communicated to men by the ministry of angels,¹ to adhere to the old ordinances after the establishment of the New Covenant is in a manner to prefer angels to God Himself. This idea the Apologist seems to have expressed in a somewhat exaggerated form. And the exaggeration has been carried still further by the writer of the *Epistle to Diognetus*,² who treats the Jewish ordinances as intrinsically absurd. Mr. Robinson is probably right in supposing that the immediate source from which Aristides here drew was a passage in the apocryphal work known as the "Preaching of Peter."³

The two next chapters (xv. xvi.) contain a description of contemporary Christians and of Christian morality.

Now the Christians, O King [says the Apologist], by diligent search have found the truth, and, as we learn from their writings, they are nearer to the truth . . . than the rest of the peoples. For they know and believe in God, the Maker of Heaven and earth, in whom are all things and from whom are all things; who has no other god as His fellow; from whom they have received those commandments which they have engraved on their minds, which they keep in the hope and expectation of the world to come. And for this reason they do not commit adultery, . . . they do not bear false witness, . . . they honour father and mother, . . . and whatever they do not wish that others should do to them they do not practise towards any one, . . . and they do good to their enemies; and their wives, O King, are pure as virgins and their daughters modest, and their men abstain . . . from all impurity, in the hope of the recompense that is to come in another

¹ Galat. iii. 19.

² "Neither do ye worship after the manner of the Jews, for they alone, thinking to have knowledge of God, [in reality] know Him not, but serve angels and arch-angels, the month and the moon. And if the moon appear not, they observe not the first Sabbath, as it is called, nor the new moon, nor the [feast of] unleavened bread (*ἄζυμα*), nor the feast, nor the great day." The Greek text of the Apology, it may be noted, gives quite a different account of the misdeeds of the Jews, laying stress especially on their treatment of our Lord. But this is one of the clearest instances in which the author of *Barlaam and Josaphat* has improved on his original. The Armenian, which stops short at the end of c. ii., gives us no help here.

³ The fragments of the *Predicatio Petri* may be found in Hilgenfeld (*N. T. extra Can. rec.* iv. 56). They are also given by Mr. Robinson, p. 88.

world. But as for their slaves or handmaids, . . . they persuade them to become Christians for the love they bear them ; and when they have done so they call them without distinction brethren. . . . And they walk in all humility and kindness, and falsehood is not found among them ; and from the widow they turn not aside ; and the orphan they rescue from the oppressor ; and he who has gives to him who has not, without grudging ; and when they see the stranger, they bring him into their homes and rejoice over him as a true brother ; . . . and if they hear that any of their number is imprisoned or oppressed for the name of their Messiah all of them provide for his needs, and if possible deliver him.

*And if there is among them a man that is poor or needy, and they have not an abundance of necessities, they fast two or three days that they may supply the needy with necessary food.*¹ . . . And every morning and at all hours they praise and thank God for His favours to them ; and over their food and over their drink they render Him thanks. And if any just man among them passes away from the world, they rejoice and give thanks to God, and they follow his body as if he were passing from one place to another ; and when a child is born to any one of them, they praise God, and if again it chance to die in its infancy, they praise God greatly, as for one who has passed through the world without sins. But if on the other hand they see that one of their number has died in his sins, over him they weep bitterly and sigh, as over one who is about to go to punishment. Such, O King, is the ordinance of the law of the Christians, and such their conduct.

The writer goes on to speak (c. xvi.) of the petitions which Christians put up "as men who know God," and declares that "because they acknowledge the favours of God towards them there flows forth the beauty that is in the world." Then, after speaking of the humility of the Christians, and of the hope with which they "expect to see their Messiah, and receive from Him the promises made to them," he refers the Emperor, for confirmation of what he has said, to the writings (Scriptures) of the Christians.

¹ The earliest notice of the close relation observed in the primitive Church between fasting and alms-deeds is found in the "Shepherd" of Hermas (*Sim.* v. 3), where the disciple is bidden to fast on bread and water, and having calculated what he would have otherwise spent on his food that day, to give the amount to a widow, or an orphan, or one in distress, so that the recipient may be relieved, and may pray for the donor to the Lord. The same idea frequently recurs in later writers, e.g., in the Lenten Sermons of St. Augustine : "Accipiat esuriens Christus quod jejunans minus accipit Christianus." (*Serm.* ccx. 12.) The idea expressed by Aristides, of fasting in order to have the means of giving alms on an emergency, is slightly different. But it surely does not imply, as Mr. Harris (p. 15) seems to suppose, that in the time of the Apologist there were no fixed fast-days.

Their sayings and ordinances . . . thou mayest know from their writings. . . . Take now their writings and . . . you will find that not of myself have I brought these things forward . . . but as I have read in their writings, these things I firmly believe.

And I have no doubt [he adds] that the world stands by reason of the intercession of Christians. But the rest of the people are deceived and deceivers, grovelling before the elements of the world . . . and they grope as if in the dark, because they are unwilling to know the truth, and like drunken men they stagger and thrust one another and fall down.

The seventeenth and last chapter contains a brief reply to some of the foul charges which the morbid imagination of debased heathendom and the malice of pagan priests caused to be brought against the early Christians. And the Apology concludes with an exhortation rather to embrace the Christian religion than to calumniate and oppress those who profess and teach it. For "truly Divine is that which is spoken by the mouths of the Christians, and their teaching is the gateway of light. Let all those then approach thereunto who do not know God," and let them "anticipate the dread judgment which is to come by Jesus the Messiah upon the whole race of men."

Such, then, is the Apology of Aristides. The limits of the space at my disposal precludes me from entering into the many interesting questions which arise out of a careful comparison between this interesting document and other early Christian writings. I must be content with the bare mention of the fact that Mr. Harris has pointed out so many points of contact between Aristides and Origen's book against Celsus as to lead him to the conviction that Origen's opponent must have had before him the work of this early Apologist. But Mr. Robinson, with more probability, urges that both Aristides and Celsus drew from the apocryphal "Preaching of Peter," to which reference has already been made.

Before concluding this somewhat lengthy paper I must briefly touch on a historical question. The discovery of the full text of Aristides has unexpectedly thrown doubts on what had hitherto been regarded as beyond question, namely, the approximate date of the presentation of the Apology. Eusebius, in his *Chronicon*, is explicit in his assertion that Quadratus and Aristides (who are mentioned together) presented their Apologies to the Emperor Hadrian. And the fact is introduced in

connection on the one hand with Hadrian's first visit to Athens in A.D. 124 (or 125—126), and on the other with that Emperor's rescript to Minucius Fundanus, proconsul of Asia, in mitigation of the persecution against the Christians.¹

Now as regards Quadratus there is, *pace* Mr. Harris, no serious reason to doubt that the presentation of his Apology has been rightly dated by the historian. "A suspicious resemblance between Quadratus the Apologist and another Quadratus who was Bishop of Athens in the reign of Antoninus Pius" really goes for nothing against the clear statement of Eusebius, supplemented as it is by the further information that Quadratus was "a disciple of the Apostles" (*Apostolorum auditor*).² But if Quadratus has been correctly dated by Eusebius, the presumption is against any considerable misplacement of Aristides. The mention of his name in conjunction with that of Quadratus would not necessarily imply that both Apologists presented their memorials at the same time; but the mention of the Apologies in connection with the rescript to Minucius Fundanus seems to fix the date within a year or two. The Asian proconsulate of Fundanus would have fallen due about A.D. 124, for he had been *Consul suffectus* in A.D. 107, and seventeen years seems to have been a usual interval at that time between the tenure of the consular office and that of the proconsulate.³ Mr. Harris, indeed, says that "much doubt has been thrown on the genuineness of the rescript;" but although it is true that many modern critics have called in question the authenticity of the document, it is perhaps not too much to say that the evidence in its favour is all but irrefragable. The improbabilities involved in the hypothesis of forgery, are, it seems to me, too glaring to allow of that supposition being reasonably entertained.⁴ Nor is the testimony of St. Jerome regarding

¹ Syncellus, in his *Chronographia*, and St. Jerome, in his translation of the *Chronicon*, make the connection of the Apology with the Rescript still more explicit. It is very probable that they had no independent source of information, but their words at least show how they understood Eusebius.

² Eusebius quotes a short passage from the Apology of Quadratus, in which the writer speaks of some of those who were healed by our Blessed Lord having survived "down to our own times." (*Hist. Eccl.* iv. 3.)

³ Lightfoot, *Ignatius and Polycarp*, i. 463 (giving as his authorities Klein's *Fasti Consulares*, p. 56, and Waddington, *Fastes Asiatiques*, pp. 197, seq.)

⁴ We know from Eusebius (*Hist. Eccl.* iv. 8) that the rescript was appended, *in Latin*, to the Apology of St. Justin. What forger, asks Lightfoot, would have appended a document in Latin to a Greek work? And we may further ask, what forger would have invented a letter written to one proconsul (Minucius Fundanus) in reply to an inquiry made not by himself but by his predecessor (Licinius or Serenius

Aristides—into which, however, I cannot here enter—to be rated so lightly as Mr. Harris seems to rate it in his discussion of the question. It is of course possible that Jerome may have been only reproducing the testimony of Eusebius, but it is also possible that he had independent sources of information. He surely may be credited with having read the work which he describes.

So far I have spoken only of such evidence for the date of the Apology of Aristides as was available before the recovery of the actual text of the document. But here a difficulty confronts us. The Armenian fragment, indeed, is inscribed, "To the Emperor Cæsar Hadrian." But the Syriac version has, strange to say, a double superscription. The first title describes the treatise as "the Apology which Aristides the philosopher made before Hadrian the King concerning the worship of God [Almighty]."¹ The second, however, runs thus: "[To] Cæsar Titus Hadrianus Antoninus Augustus Pius, from Marianus Aristides, an Athenian Philosopher." If, then, the second title is to be preferred to the first, the date of the Apology must be transferred from the reign of Hadrian to that of Antoninus Pius.²

The question then arises, Which of the two inscriptions is to be preferred? Mr. Harris declares himself in favour of the second. Of the title of the Armenian version (substantially identical with the first Syriac title) he says: "There is nothing, at first sight, to lead us to believe that this is the original heading; such a summary merely reflects the Eusebian tradition and might be immediately derived from it." But the second Syriac superscription "cannot," he thinks, "be anything

Granius)? It may also be doubted whether the supposed forger would have been so well acquainted with the succession of Asian proconsuls as the hypothesis would require. Granius is known to have been *Consul suffectus* in the year before Minucius Fundanus. He would therefore naturally have preceded him as Asian proconsul, (Lightfoot, l.c.) That he actually did so there is no direct evidence outside the rescript. The *Fasti* and the rescript tally with and illustrate each the other.

¹ There is some doubt as to the word "Almighty." It is remarkable that this title assumes the Apology to have been *spoken* or recited, and not merely presented. This agrees with the account given by Syncellus (p. 348 D. *προσφώνησεν*), and by the Roman Martyrology, and with the epithet *Eloquentissimus* given to Aristides by St. Jerome. (*Ep. ad Magnum*.) And it is at least worthy of note in this connection that the author of *Barlaam and Josaphat*, being in search of an apologetic oration, should have chosen the work of Aristides as suitable for his purpose.

² It is true that Antoninus assumed the name of Hadrian and received the title of Cæsar six months before the death of his predecessor; but it is very unlikely that an Apology should have been presented to him during that interval.

else than a part of the primitive Apology." This is, surely, too positive a statement. It is to be remembered that whereas Antoninus assumed in A.D. 138 the name of Hadrian, Hadrian never bore those of Titus and Antoninus, nor the agnomen Pius. Is it not, then, less likely that Eusebius should have mistaken "Titus Hadrianus Antoninus Pius" for the Emperor Hadrian than that an ingenious and over-zealous scribe, misled perhaps by a reminiscence of Justin's Apology, should erroneously have filled in what he imagined to have been wanting to the full designation of the Emperor whom he supposed to be designated? The actual writer of the Syriac text which Mr. Harris has edited, seems here or elsewhere to have imperfectly understood the title which he either copied or translated. For, by a false punctuation, he has transferred to the second inscription, as if it pertained to the Emperor, the epithet "Almighty," which really belongs to the last word ("God") of the first inscription.¹ He has, moreover, affixed the mark of plurality to the appellative Augustus and Pius; so that it is just possible that finding a double inscription, and thinking the memorial to have been addressed to the *two* Emperors, he has corrected (to his own satisfaction, but to our confusion) what he supposed to be the second name. A reminiscence of the inscription of St. Justin's first Apology may possibly have misled him. Our present data do not enable us to form an absolutely certain judgment; but Mr. Harris must pardon us if we decline to accept the evidence of a single Syriac title, which bears evident marks of bungling, as overthrowing the testimony of Eusebius and St. Jerome. The internal evidence, so far as it goes, appears to me to be entirely in favour of the earlier date assigned to the work by "the Eusebian tradition." Mr. Harris rightly remarks that the Apology of Aristides marks a distinct advance on the Didachê in the matter of Christian ethical teaching. But surely the gap which separates the Didachê from Aristides is less marked than that which divides the Apology of Aristides from the more elaborate works of Justin, Tatian, Athenagoras, and even of Melito.

Let me conclude with the hope that Mr. Harris may have the good fortune to discover the companion work of Quadratus.

HERBERT LUCAS.

¹ Another explanation of the blunder is that the Syriac translator mistook the word *αὐτοκράτωρ* for *παντοκράτωρ*, "Emperor" for "Almighty."

Some recent Studies on the Solar Spectrum.

UNTIL the middle of this century the term Physical Astronomy, as distinguished from Observational Astronomy, was usually applied to those investigations of the mathematicians of the mechanics of the celestial sphere, by which they triumphantly vindicated the truth of Newton's theory of gravitation, as giving the only sufficient explanation of the motions of the heavenly bodies. It then came to be used of all such observations and deductions therefrom, as depend upon or are explainable by the principles of chemistry and physics. And now this latter branch of astronomy, sometimes called the New Astronomy, which has made gigantic strides since the invention of the spectroscope and our greater knowledge of the action of light, has almost entirely usurped to itself the title of Physical Astronomy, leaving to the older science the name of Mathematical Astronomy. In the following pages it will be our endeavour to give a brief sketch of the recent progress which has been made in but one line of research in this newer science, and to record the successes of the last few years. We have prefaced and interspersed our review with such remarks as are deemed necessary for the clearer understanding of a technical subject by those whose reading has mostly lain in other directions.

The first map of the solar spectrum, which could pretend to give a picture of the chief dark lines, or images of the slit of the spectroscope caused by the absorption of the solar atmosphere, was drawn in the year 1814-15 by the celebrated Fraunhofer. He also proved, by observing the spectra of the brighter stars and noting their discrepancies from the solar spectrum, that these dark lines, whatever might be their true explanation, were not solely due to the action on the rays of the sun of the earth's atmosphere. But he went no further. In 1849, Foucault, while experimenting with the spectrum formed by the carbon points of the voltaic arc, observed the coincidence

of two bright yellow lines due to the metal sodium, with the black double of the solar spectrum called D by Fraunhofer. And not only this; for he was struck by the appearance of the D lines when the spectrum of the glowing vapours was superposed upon them, which, instead of becoming less dark as would have been naturally expected, were seen to be darker than usual. The observation of this seeming anomaly was a second great step in advance. The theoretical explanation of this appearance was first enunciated, though not published, in 1852 by Professor, now Sir George, Stokes, arguing from the analogy of the absorption of sound waves by a suitable medium. If the explanation was correct, it followed that the spectroscope had, despite the oft-quoted dictum of Comte uttered barely a decade before, proved beyond doubt the existence of sodium in the sun. In 1859 a German physicist, Kirchhoff by name, performed in his laboratory the classical experiment of reversing the sodium or D lines; reversing, that is, by passing the continuous spectrum formed by the carbon points through hot sodium vapours, he caused the D lines to be alone selected in the process of filtration for absorption, and to appear dark instead of bright on the screen. The arc being taken to represent the sun, and its continuous spectrum the background of the solar spectrum, the sodium vapours would stand in place of a burning atmosphere around our luminary, and hence the lines of sodium, or indeed of any other metal, being found as dark in the solar spectrum, would indicate the presence of the vapours of that metal in the sun's atmosphere. This one experiment may truly be said to have created a new branch of astronomical physics, a branch which has already been prolific of most marvellous results, and which is full of promise of greater marvels yet to come. For it is wonderful that stars or suns so immeasurably distant, that the light travelling from them at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, consumes in some cases half a century or more to reach our planet, are by means of the spectroscope analyzed, and the materials out of which they are built up, catalogued with almost as great an ease as the chemist tests the terrestrial matters in his laboratory.

Confining our attention, however, to the solar spectrum, it is evident that the first requisite, before we can hope to unravel any of its hidden teachings, is that we should possess as perfect a map as possible of all its multitude of lines. Kirchhoff was not slow to perceive this necessity, and in conjunction with

Bunsen he commenced and nearly finished a beautiful map of the solar spectrum. It was published in 1861, having been completed by the labours of Hofmann. The spectroscope employed consisted of four prisms of flint glass, and the patient toil required for the drawing of such a map must have been enormous, especially when we remember that since the instrument was without the modern refinement of an automatic action, it was necessary to place each prism in the best position for viewing the spectrum for each portion of its length by hand alone. Kirchhoff affixed a scale to his map giving the distance of the lines one from another as measured by his micrometer, and he also subjoined the approximate positions of a great number of the bright lines observed in the spectra of the terrestrial elements. Many remarkable lines are still known by Kirchhoff's numbers, among them being the ray 1474 in the green, the chief bright line given by the solar corona during a total eclipse. But there is one great drawback common to every map of the spectrum constructed by means of a prismatic spectroscope, and that is, that it only perfectly represents the spectrum as produced by an identical set of prisms. The colours always succeed one another in the same order, but the spaces they occupy in the total length of the spectrum, as also the dispersion itself, alters with the refractive angle of the prism, with the substance of which it is made, and unless the prisms be placed in the standard position of minimum deviation of the rays, with the angle made by the incident ray with the first face of the prism. Again, since the resolving power of a spectroscope of prisms varies inversely as the third power of the wave-length of the light, and the wave-length of a violet ray is about one half of that of a red ray, it follows that with such instruments the extent given to the violet will be about eight times greater than that given to the red.

It would obviously be of great advantage if spectroscopes could be so constructed that this irrationality of dispersion, as it is termed, could be avoided, and that the same or a proportional scale could be always applied to measure the distances between the lines, whatever be the dispersion produced. This end is attained by the use of a diffraction grating to form the solar spectrum, and by employing a scale of wave-lengths. It may not be out of place, and will serve to the elucidation of what is to follow, if a few words be here devoted to the instrument and to the scale.

As is well known, light is propagated by waves set up by the molecular vibrations of the luminous source in the all-pervading ether. There are also two kinds of bending of the rays or lines of propagation of the wave-motion. The one termed refraction takes place when the wave-front passes from one medium to another, and this is made use of in the production of the spectrum by means of prisms. The other bending, termed diffraction, ensues when the main wave-front meets with an obstacle such as a screen. In this case some of the rays bend round the obstacle, forming what it has been proposed to call a *derived* wave-front, and without entering into the reasons why a spectrum should be formed, it will be sufficient to state, that if the source of light be white, a series of spectra will under ordinary circumstances be seen. Our readers may, if they be so minded, very easily verify this fact for themselves by a simple experiment. Taking a sheet of thick note-paper, cut in it a slit about two inches in length and one thirty-second part of an inch in breadth. In a second piece of paper one clean stroke of a penknife will cut a second slit requisite for our purpose. This latter we shall refer to as the eye-slit, and to the former as the light-slit. Placing the light-slit in front of a gas flame, and looking at it through the eye-slit, after adjusting the distance between them so as to suit one's vision, a bright line of light will be seen, and on each side of it, to right and left, a series of thin coloured spectra separated by dark spaces. It will also be noted that the violet ends of these spectra are turned towards the light-slit. If the eye-slit or diffraction slit be extremely fine, the spectra are too feeble to be seen. Two very fine slits, however, equal and parallel to one another, provided they be sufficiently close, will double the brightness of the spectral bands. If now a piece of glass be taken, and by means of a dividing engine that is furnished with a very accurate micrometer screw, a number of fine parallel lines be ruled upon it extremely close together, the result will be a diffraction grating giving the coloured bands of a beautiful bright colour, the brilliancy depending on the number of lines ruled to the inch, and the dispersion on the product formed by multiplying the order of the spectrum observed and the total number of lines ruled, and divided by the width of the diffracted beam.

The earliest gratings of this sort were thus ruled by Norbert and Rutherford. Professor Rowland of Baltimore has

by means of a magnificently even screw produced wonderfully fine gratings, some with 28,876 lines to the inch. They are ruled not on glass, but on polished speculum metal, and the spectra are produced by reflection from the minutely thin bright spaces between the lines, which correspond therefore to the eye-slit in our experiment with the two sheets of note-paper. The light is in this case diffracted as if the light-slit were at its virtual image behind the grating. Gratings of 14,438 lines to the inch are not uncommon, such a one of very perfect make forming part of the large spectrometer at Stonyhurst, the last instrument which the late Father Perry acquired for the Observatory. In passing it is worthy of notice that Professor Rowland has accomplished the feat of ruling as many as 43,000 lines to the inch. In all the spectra produced by the gratings, any two lines are distant from one another by an interval, which is always proportional to the difference of the wave-lengths of the light corresponding to the lines. On this account the same standard scale of wave-lengths can always be used with maps constructed by the aid of these instruments. Practically, then, all that is required is to determine the absolute wave-length of any one line, and the absolute wave-lengths of all the others can be obtained relatively to this line. Of the extreme red there are 36,920 wave-lengths in one inch, and 64,630 of the extreme violet, so that we cannot quite see an octave. But for the sake of uniformity the wave-lengths of light are expressed in terms of a unit called a tenth-metre, one tenth-metre being the one ten-thousand-millionth part of a metre, and one metre being a little over thirty-nine inches. With good spectroscopes it is possible to recognize lines differing by as small an amount as the one-tenth of a tenth-metre. Taking the line D_2 as a standard, Mr. Louis Bell has by a most thorough investigation determined its wave-length as 5890.188 of our units. Basing his observations on this value of D_2 , Professor Rowland has published a list of four hundred and fifty standard wave-lengths of lines.

The celebrated Ångström was the first to draw a map of the solar spectrum as produced by a grating spectroscope, and with a scale of wave-lengths, his standard being the mean of the pair of lines at Fraunhofer's E line. It appeared in 1868. A catalogue of wave-lengths was drawn up in the memoir which accompanied the plates, and this map and catalogue have been used as the standards by spectroscopists up to the present day.

They are, however, surpassed in accuracy by the recent determination of wave-lengths at Baltimore and at Potsdam, so that they will without doubt be supplanted in the near future.

With these preliminary remarks on mapping the solar spectrum in general, we may now turn to the review of some recent work in this direction. The name of the late M. Thollon is one that occupies a prominent place among those of modern solar observers. About ten years ago this eminent astronomer commenced a map of the solar spectrum, which, as we are told in the Introduction to the accompanying catalogue which gives the places and intensities of the lines, was intended by its author to be nothing less than a standard work, furnishing to the spectroscopist similar data for his researches, as are provided for the celestial cartographer by such charts as those of Argelander. Unfortunately for the cause of science the hand of death removed him before the completion of his self-imposed task. Yet not before he had by the labours of seven years succeeded in mapping the lines, from A in the extreme red through the orange to *b* in the green. The reproduction of the charts by steel engraving by M. Legros, aided by M. Perrotin, the Director of the Nice Observatory, which it would be difficult to extol too highly, has occupied another three years. They finally appeared last year in the third volume of the *Annals of the Nice Observatory*. M. Bischoffseim most generously, as is his wont, furnished the necessary funds for their engraving and publication, and copies have been gratuitously distributed among observatories and private astronomers. M. Thollon's spectroscope consisted of prisms filled with bisulphide of carbon, giving a brilliant spectrum, the finest definition, and a great dispersion, equal in these latter respects, by the testimony of Mr. Rutherford himself, to any of the spectra given by his gratings. In order to secure an even temperature in the spectroscope, so as to avoid a change in the refractive index of the prisms, and hence want of uniformity in the scale readings, a circulation of water was maintained within the table on which the instrument rested, and also in the hollow sides of a metal case which was let down from the roof to cover it. A heliostat threw a beam of sunlight on to the slit of the collimator which passed through one side of the box, the telescope being similarly fitted into another side.

The atlas he drew is divided into 33 maps, each about a foot in length, and shows about 3,200 lines. Each map is

divided into four strips, so as practically to quadruple the atlas. These show the solar spectrum under four different conditions; first, as obtained from the sun at an altitude of 10° , the air being fairly dry, secondly, with the sun 30° above the horizon, the aqueous vapour being in abundance, thirdly, with the sun at the same altitude, but the air being very dry, and lastly with our atmosphere hypothetically removed, and therefore only lines of purely solar origin remaining. The lines in each strip are drawn most accurately, with their proper shading and thickness. Any one who has ever even casually studied the solar spectrum, can form some estimation of the painstaking and continuous toil necessary for such a task. Those only who have tried to delineate a small portion of the spectrum can fully realize what a demand the drawing of such maps makes on the care and patience of the observer. It is only necessary to compare the picture with the original to see how perfectly M. Thollon has succeeded. The great utility of the map consists in its bringing together in parallel strips the solar spectrum as seen under various atmospheric conditions. It is thus possible by a comparison of the intensity of the same lines in the different strips to eliminate those caused by our atmosphere. For a true solar line will remain always of the same intensity, the atmospheric line meanwhile varying with the hygrometric state of the air. It would appear that of the 3,200 lines mapped by Thollon, 2,090 are purely solar, 866 are telluric or air lines, and 246 are traceable to the combined action of both the terrestrial and solar atmospheres. But as a standard the map has already been superseded by recent photographic studies, for it labours under the defect already noticed as inherent in all maps constructed by means of prismatic spectroscopes, of not furnishing a normal scale. It is none the less an admirable piece of work, and beyond all praise. Indeed, it seems difficult to imagine that more perfect or more delicate drawings could be produced, and it marks the highest level yet reached by means of the pencil. It only remains to add that M. Trépied, the colleague of M. Thollon, has undertaken to complete the remaining two-thirds of the work.

As early as 1843, J. W. Draper, applying the but recent invention of Daguerre, obtained a plate by this process of nearly the whole length of the spectrum. In 1874 again, Rutherford, working with a prismatic spectroscope, was able to publish a

fine photograph of the blue and violet ends of the spectrum. Nor must we omit to mention the standard map of the ultra-violet unseen region of the spectrum, the fruit of the labours of Cornu. But the recent progress in photographic science, and more especially the invention of the dry-plate process, which is both cleanly and easy to manipulate, while capable of almost any extent of sensitiveness, has placed in the hands of the astronomical physicist a most potent instrument of research when brought to the aid of either telescope or spectroscope. The photograph of the nebula in Orion obtained on a dry plate in 1880 by H. Draper was the first of a series of triumphs in this kind of work, and already celestial photography has advanced our knowledge of the heavens to an extent which could not have been dreamed of by the astronomers of the middle of the century. Nor has the solar spectroscopist been backward in availing himself of this powerful aid to unravelling the secrets of the solar spectrum. The same year that Draper photographed the nebula in Orion, Professor Rowland, of the Johns Hopkins University, invented a plan, by which it became possible to vastly increase the accuracy attainable in the cutting of micrometer screws. Possessing a perfect screw, he commenced to rule correspondingly perfect gratings, without any periodic error in the ruling above the hundred-thousandth part of an inch. The spectra produced by Rowland's gratings are therefore particularly free from the obnoxious false images of the principal lines of the solar spectrum termed "ghosts." These are caused by a periodic inequality in the spaces contained between the parallel scratches of the diamond point on the speculum metal. For instance, let us suppose that one turn of the micrometer head to be equivalent to the ruling of 1,000 lines, should any unequal spaces occur in the course of a revolution, they would occur relatively in the same places in every revolution. These periodic unequal spaces gave their own fainter spectra, which naturally were more evident in the principal lines, and so caused the "ghosts" already mentioned. Good gratings, as now ruled, such as the one possessed by the Stonyhurst Observatory, are quite free from this fault. This advance in the perfecting of the ruling of gratings Rowland followed up the next year by conceiving the brilliant idea of ruling the gratings on a spherical surface of speculum metal, instead of on flats as had hitherto been done. By this means it is possible to dispense with all the adjuncts of an ordinary

spectroscope except the slit, the grating, and the eye-piece, in the place of which last a camera may be substituted. Such a spectroscope is simplicity itself, there being no need of a collimating lens to render the divergent pencil of light from the slit parallel before reaching the grating, nor yet of any telescope to focus the rays.

With a grating perfectly ruled on a spherical surface 6 feet in diameter and $21\frac{1}{2}$ feet radius, the Professor undertook to photograph the solar spectrum. His map was published in 1886, followed in 1889 by a second more perfect edition. This second edition extends from wave-length 3,000 far down in the violet, to wave-length 6,950 beyond B in the red. Kirchhoff's coronal line 1,474, which was once supposed to be coincident with an iron line, was clearly separated into two lines, as was also b^3 , which used to be attributed to both magnesium and iron. The E line was also first resolved.

But the most successful photographer of the solar spectrum who has yet appeared is undoubtedly Mr. George Higgs, of Liverpool. It has been our privilege to examine this gentleman's apparatus, processes, and original plates under his own guidance, and we propose to briefly describe some few of his methods and results. And first of all we must call attention to the fact that, except for the concave grating and the screw of the engine for ruling scales, every piece of apparatus used by this astronomer has been made by himself, and is remarkable alike for simplicity and the ingenuity displayed. Even the Rhumkorff coil for use in producing the spectra of terrestrial substances for comparison with the solar lines is of his own constructing. This instrument, which was exhibited before the British Association at its Manchester meeting, is of such perfect insulation, and such complete economy of insulation and just proportion of parts, that with one quart bichromate of potash cell it gives a spark of ten and a quarter inches. And yet only fifteen miles of wire have been wound upon it.¹

Mr. Higgs first began work on the solar spectrum with a prismatic spectroscope, with which he produced a very beautiful photographic map. He then acquired a grating,

¹ At the time of our visit the instrument had not been employed for a considerable period, and the battery had so deteriorated that it would ordinarily have been rejected as unfit for use. Yet it gave a spark which leapt across the terminals at a distance of seven inches, and when the zinc and carbon were lifted out of the solution and put into clean water, it gave a continuous spark of one inch and a quarter. Electricians will appreciate the accuracy of workmanship required to attain such a result!

one of Rowland's spherical instruments ruled with 14,438 lines to the inch, having a diameter of four inches and a radius of curvature of ten feet two inches. Now the purity of a spectrum is inversely proportional to the width of the slit. From this it is evident that if the jaws of the slit, the light-slit of our simple experiment, are perfectly sharply cut and exactly parallel, it becomes possible to make it excessively narrow, provided always that the illumination be sufficient. It would appear that a great deal of Mr. Higgs' success is attributable to the fine steel-jawed slit which he has made for his spectro-scope. The grating is mounted at one end of the diameter of a circular table, equal to the radius of curvature of the grating, and the eye-piece or camera is placed at the other extremity of this diameter. The slit also slides along the circumference of the table, and is placed in different positions with regard to the grating and camera, according to the order of the spectrum which is to be photographed. The circumference is divided into parts by means of a scale encircling it, which is also supplied with moveable verniers. These scales again are Mr. Higgs' handiwork, and the perfection of adjustment attainable by their aid in his instrument is another source of its fine performance. The light is conducted to the slit by a heliostat, this too made, with its silvered mirror, by the observer. In photographing the solar spectrum, the actinic action at the two ends of the plate varies immensely, being in some cases as much as fifty times greater at one end than at the other. The plate must therefore be exposed at different portions of its length for different times, otherwise while one end of the plate would be over-exposed, the other would have failed to have registered any line at all. This difficulty is overcome by Mr. Higgs by means of a set of shutters placed inside the camera, and worked by clockwork, and so arranged that the proper relative exposure is secured for every portion of the sensitive film.

It might perhaps be imagined by such as are unacquainted with the action of light upon photographic films, that after all this care in adjustment, nothing further was required but the exposure of the plate for the proper time in order to obtain a picture. But not so; for first the actinic action of light is chiefly confined to the blue and violet regions of the spectrum, and secondly, although in spectra produced by means of gratings, the first spectrum on each side of the white image

of the slit, called the spectra of the first order, are separated from those of the second order, yet the second, third, and higher orders overlap. Hence, should it be required, for instance, to use the greater dispersion of the red of the second order, it becomes necessary to block out the violet of the third order. The suppression of the obnoxious rays is effected by the absorbing action on light of suitable solutions, which are contained in glass cells and placed before the slit. But the problem of rendering the plates themselves sensitive to the lower wave-lengths of light is by no means an easy one. It has engaged the attention of several eminent photographers. One method devised by Captain Abney was the preparation of the bromide of silver plates, with the salt in a different molecular condition from that in which it is ordinarily found, so that it looked blue by transmitted light. By this means he was enabled to directly photograph the dark heat rays of the solar spectrum. Others, again, as Vogel and McClean, have proceeded in a different manner, and have sensitized the plates for radiations above the blue by staining them with various dyes. Higgs, too, has been most successful in this field, and has but recently communicated to the Royal Society a paper in which he announces the discovery, that plates stained with the bisulphite compounds of alizarin-blue or of coerulein, while sensitive to the red and ultra-red rays between the wave-lengths 6,200 and 8,000, do not, like cyanin plates, lose the power of retaining the impression of the rays at the opposite end of the spectrum. With such plates he has been enabled to extend the range of his photographs to Z in the ultra-red, while his photograph of A exhibited at the British Association Meeting at Leeds, and to the Royal Astronomical Society, shows the lines of this beautiful group as they have never been seen before.

When the negative has been secured, it is enlarged four times, evenness of background and sharpness of detail being obtained by the use of a cylindrical lens, and by other ingenious arrangements which need not be described here. The prints which are the finished results, have the fineness of steel engravings. Moreover, by a very clever device Mr. Higgs photographs a scale of wave-lengths on his map, a boon which will be appreciated by every working spectroscopist. More than this, by photographing the unknown coincidentally with the known regions on the same plate, and placing the scale

between them, provided only the two slips are of different orders, a very simple relation enables the wave-lengths of the unknown lines to be determined. He has even an original method for securing a certain knowledge that the temperature of the scale has not altered during the time of its being ruled by the dividing-engine. Finally, it is his intention to publish in the near future a map of the whole spectrum from wave-length 2,990 in the ultra-violet to wave-length 8,500 in the ultra-red, with special studies on interesting regions.

When we look at some of the best maps of the solar spectrum, so crowded with lines that it would be impossible in parts to place a needle-point on the pictures without alighting on a line, the questions naturally arise as to what substances these innumerable lines belong to, and what progress has been made in identifying the relations between the solar spectrum and the laboratory spectra of the elements. We intend briefly to record some few of the more recent investigations. A most necessary preliminary step in solar spectroscopy is the discrimination of the lines of purely solar origin from those which are due to the absorbent action of the earth's atmosphere. We have already called attention to the value of Thollon's map for this research, as by a comparison of the intensity and thickness of the lines in the four strips, it is possible to detect those which vary concomitantly with the altitude of the sun above the horizon, and with the hygrometric condition of the atmosphere. One of the finest groups of lines in the solar spectrum occurs in the red at Fraunhofer's B. Some of Mr. Higgs' photographs bring out the rythmical arrangement of the lines in this group most beautifully. But it had by Egoroff and Janssen been identified as most probably not due to the sun, but to the dry oxygen contained in our atmosphere. The latter astronomer, who bears a distinguished name in solar physics, has lately completed a series of observations remarkable alike for their intrinsic value, as also for the circumstances under which they were carried out. Arguing that if these lines are really due to our atmosphere, their intensity should diminish in direct proportion to the height from which they are viewed, and in the impossibility of getting rid of our atmosphere altogether, this intrepid observer, whom nothing daunts—for had he not already escaped the vigilance of the Prussians who were besieging Paris, and passed out in a balloon to observe the eclipse of 1870—would now have himself carried

to the tops of the highest mountains to note the effect on the suspected oxygen lines. In accordance with his plan he ascended to the Grands Mulets in 1888, and last year was borne in a litter by a small army of guides to the very summit of Mount Blanc. The result was a complete verification of his earlier observations, so that we may conclude that most probably oxygen, at least in the state in which we know it here, does not exist in the solar envelopes. He has likewise experimented from his observatory at Meudon on an oxygenless light set on the highest point of the Eiffel Tower, the atmospheric strata traversed by the rays being nearly equivalent to the height of the atmosphere supposed homogeneous. The oxygen lines in this case appeared exactly as they are seen in the solar spectrum, thus adding another link to the chain of proof of their terrestrial origin.

With regard to other lines due to the earth's atmosphere, Dr. L. Becker, of the Edinburgh Royal Observatory, has quite recently published the results of long and laborious observations of the solar spectrum at low and medium altitudes. The spectrum drawn extends from wave-length 6,024 to F in the blue-green. In this range of the spectrum, 3,637 lines are identified as due to the sun, and 928 as air lines. For the purposes of such an investigation, the photographs of Mr. Higgs will, when published, be extremely valuable. For they have been taken with the sun at various altitudes, and under different conditions of saturation of the atmosphere. One plate in particular showing D and the lines constituting the rain-bands, when the sun was only just its own diameter above the horizon, is a superb production. Again, in several cases the enlarged photographs show metallic lines and air lines so close together that no spectroscope except those of the very greatest resolving power could separate them. Such results may not improbably have an effect upon theories which are founded upon the behaviour of lines in the spectra of sun-spots. In passing too we may remark that of some other lines, which it is considered a feat to have split, the photographs of this observer divide not only the coronal line, but also the E line and one twice as close at 5264.4. The head of the B group too is seen to be composed of three lines, while from twenty-five to thirty lines are registered between the D's, and no less than one hundred and fifty between H and K.

Nor in the meantime have Professor Rowland and his

assistants been idle, but they have brought the powerful apparatus of the Johns Hopkins University to bear upon the photographing of the lines in the metallic spectra coincidentally with the solar spectrum. Kirchhoff's list of metals in the sun, deduced from his observations taken about twenty-five years ago, consisted of sodium, iron, calcium, magnesium, nickel, barium, copper, and zinc. To these Ångström and Thalén added chromium, cobalt, hydrogen, manganese, and titanium; while Lockyer, later still, by an ingenious method of laboratory work, brought the total up to twenty-three. He detected aluminium, strontium, lead, cadmium, cerium, uranium, potassium, vanadium, palladium, and molybdenum. Of these coincidences with the dark solar lines, about six hundred were attributed to iron alone. And now the latest list, quite recently issued by Professor Rowland from photographs taken between the ultra-violet and the D lines, gives the total number of terrestrial elements certainly present in the sun as thirty-six, while eight more are doubtful. In this latter category is uranium formerly admitted as present by Lockyer. Rowland's most important addition is carbon, the others being silicon, scandium, yttrium, zirconium, lanthanum, niobium, neodmium, glucinum, germanium, rhodium, silver, tin, and erbium. But the solar photosphere contains no gold, nor antimony, arsenic, bismuth, boron, nitrogen, cæsium, indium, mercury, phosphorus, rubidium, selenium, sulphur, thallium, nor praseodymium; while iridium, osmium, platinum, ruthenium, tantalum, thorium, and tungsten, are, together with uranium referred to before, recorded as doubtful. These lists have been arranged both according to the intensity of the metallic lines in the sun, and according to their number. In the latter series iron occupies the first place with two thousand and nine lines, nickel comes next, and two hundred coincidences are due to carbon.

In concluding this necessarily brief summary of some recent spectroscopic studies in but one branch of modern astronomical physics, we may be allowed to again direct attention to the fact of the importance of the aid to research which the observer has acquired in the spectroscope and the photographic camera. Already we know that the materials of which our sun is constituted are the same as we find here upon earth. But our sun is but one out of millions which glitter as stars in the heavenly firmament. It is a truly wonderful thing that a piece of glass cut into the form of a prism, and a plate of glass

covered with a gelatine film, should be so arranged in position behind another piece of glass fashioned into the shape of a lens that these immeasurably distant stars should be compelled to tell us of what they are made. But wonderful as it seems, the mind of man has been able to effect so much, and has thus obtained a deeper insight into the marvellous harmony and unity which reigns in the starry skies. With this insight ought to come deeper reverence, and our spirit should be that of the pious Kepler, who was wont to cry out as he contemplated the heavens: "O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee."

A. L. CORTIE.

Natural and Supernatural Morals.

ANY treatise on morals that goes much below the surface must be a somewhat grave and serious work, hard and brain-wearing. This is certainly the case with the treatise on the *Principles of Natural and Supernatural Morals* lately published by Mr. Hughes.¹ But the difficulty is increased by the author having a terminology all his own. Of course other English writers in the same field have all their several terminologies, and we cannot deny to Mr. Hughes the privilege of his brethren. It is not his fault that the progress of philosophical science in this country is hampered by the absence of a received terminology. It is slow passage through a jungle where every traveller insists on cutting a path for himself. We are not sure that we have followed Mr. Hughes entirely in the ways that he has struck out, nor do we undertake to present a perfect map of his mind as set forth in these volumes: be it enough for us to indicate the main tendencies of his thought.

"The main purpose of the book," Mr. Hughes tells us in his Preface, "is to establish the thesis, that there are, not one, but three sciences of morals." First comes the "science of the motives and ends of conduct that belong to pagan or non-religious man." This science he calls natural ethics. It is not exclusive of all reference to God. It is consistent with the worship of God as a Being "associated with external nature," and "ruling absolutely over the entire realm of nature."² But "the two-fold conception, of God as the source of human life, and of God as embodying in Himself and exhibiting in full perfection all loftiest qualities of human character, appears to find no place in natural morals." It is then necessary to create a new science of human duty in view of this further conception

¹ *Principles of Natural and Supernatural Morals.* By Rev. Henry Hughes, M.A., formerly Junior Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and sometime one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. Two vols. 369, 321 pp. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

² Vol. ii. p. 9.

of the Deity, and this is the science of supernatural ethics, the matter of Mr. Hughes's second volume. This science is further subdivided into Jewish morals and Christian morals, according as it embodies "supernatural" principles recognized by Jew and Christian alike, or proceeds yet further to other "supernatural" principles avowed by the Christian, but not by the Jew. Thus Mr. Hughes exhibits his "three sciences of morals," natural morals, Jewish morals, and Christian morals. We may as well say at once that the distinction of *natural* and *supernatural* which he lays down, is not that usually drawn by Catholic theologians.

Mr. Hughes is not a determinist. He speaks of "the intelligent will, the free-will, and the necessary will," which forces, he says, "may perhaps not inaptly be compared to three bodies connected with the government of our country, namely, the Prime Minister, the Cabinet, and Parliament,"¹ which comparison we do not pretend particularly to understand. At any rate it justifies us in explaining that by "constraint," a favourite word of his, Mr. Hughes means no more than we should ourselves mean by saying "motive." We have then as motives operant in natural morals, "the constraint of happiness" and "the constraint of order." "The one puts man in the way of obtaining happiness when he knows by what kind of conduct happiness will be best promoted; the other puts him in the way of doing the one thing which reason and perception tell him is required of him by nature."² The former is in fact self-love, the latter conscience, natural conscience at least.³ The "constraint of order" is composed of four "currents of constraint," which are "the constraint of conformity to nature," "the constraint of law," "the constraint of harmony," "the constraint of the ideal." Mr. Hughes gives us a chapter on each of these "constraints," or "principles," all component parts, be it remembered, of the great "constraint of order." The "constraint of conformity to nature" urges the agent to the performance of actions of "objective naturalness," or actions which he takes to be objectively natural.⁴ The "constraint of law" urges us to consistency, method, regularity, observance of engagements, veracity, attention to social etiquette, fair dealing, and the like. The "constraint of harmony" is a subjective principle, guiding us in the satisfaction of our desires, so to

¹ Vol. ii. p. 154.

² Vol. i. pp. 55, 56.

³ Vol. ii. p. 26, cf. p. 236.

⁴ Vol. i. p. 129.

satisfy any one desire as not to bar the satisfaction of the rest.¹ Thus we may be led so to indulge our craving for muscular exercise as not to incapacitate ourselves for that mental exercise which we likewise have a keenness for. Another subjective principle, "the constraint of the ideal," seems to be thus explained: We grow out of some desires, and grow into others: the matter of some new desire elevates itself in our mind into the imposing figure of something grand and noble; then towards that object we are carried by "the constraint of the ideal."²

The "constraint of reverence," about which the author speaks with some hesitation as to whether it should be assigned to natural or to supernatural morals,³ urges us to the worship of God, and to "the practice of natural morality on the ground of its being in accordance with the character of God, and presumably pleasing in His sight."⁴ But the great principle of "supernatural morals," or rather of that initial portion of them which Mr. Hughes calls "Jewish morals," is "the constraint of right, inciting to unquestioning obedience to God's will whenever it pleases Him to issue a command."⁵ There is a well-known difficulty about certain commands given by God in the Old Testament, for the performance of actions which ordinarily we should pronounce savage and cruel. Mr. Hughes's treatment of this difficulty⁶ is one of the most interesting passages in his book. He quotes and follows in the main, with some reservations, Mozley's *Lectures on the Old Testament*. These commands of God were not such as to shock the moral nature of the persons to whom they were addressed. Nay, they were calculated to elevate and perfect that moral nature, enforcing in a rude way upon rude people the grand ideas of justice, religion, fidelity, and the like. To a nation of a higher moral development than those Jews of old were, Mr. Hughes thinks with Mozley that God would never have issued such commands.

This appears a highly reasonable view to take. We shall understand it better by going back in Mr. Hughes's pages to a distinction which he draws between "personal virtue," "objective virtue," and "standard virtue."⁷ "Objective virtue," if we

¹ Vol. i. p. 207.

² Vol. i. p. 220. The doctrine of these four "currents of constraint" is summarized in vol. ii. p. 6.

³ Vol. ii. p. 14.

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 11.

⁵ Vol. ii. p. 19.

⁶ Vol. ii. pp. 58, seq.

⁷ Vol. i. pp. 73, 76, 77, 87, 88.

understand our author aright, is that which is called sometimes by the same name in the Catholic schools: it is virtue up to the full measure of the requirements of rational nature in a perfectly developed and perfectly enlightened mind. It is the realization of the fulness of the law, when there is no excuse of ignorance, weakness, or misconception. "Personal virtue" is virtue according to the measure of that which a given individual honestly takes to be the law. Mr. Hughes well says: "It is the practice of personal virtue, not of objective virtue, that nature requires of every individual."¹ In scholastic language, it is for the *formal*, not for the *material* morality of our actions, that we are primarily and immediately responsible. Lastly, "standard virtue" is virtue up to the notions of the community in which one lives. Standard virtue is, as it were, the personal virtue of a community. It may be observed that "standard virtue" and "personal virtue" on the one hand and "objective virtue" on the other, correspond in outline to Mr. Spencer's "relative ethics" and "absolute ethics" respectively.²

Mr. Hughes appears to think that it is not mere ignorance of "objective virtue" that confines a man to the lower level of "personal virtue," but that the lower level is in itself more suitable to that man's imperfect nature, and that the higher standard is not made for him here and now to grasp, but is merely a goal for him to tend to. Thus he writes: "The rules of perfect conduct are not rules which man is called upon absolutely and in all cases to obey, because his nature is as yet subject to conditions which often make other conduct more truly suitable to him."³ This implies that evolution has place in morality, not merely in *formal* morality, where no one denies the fact, or at least the possibility, of evolution, since the public conscience of mankind is clearly variable from age to age, but even in *material* and *objective* morality, to the extent that a certain conduct may be fit and be proper for a certain imperfect age of humanity, which would be improper and wrong in a humanity of higher development. We may compare what St. Thomas says: "What is natural to a being, whose nature is immutable, must be always and everywhere the same: but man's nature is mutable, and therefore what is natural to man may sometimes fail to hold."⁴ This matter of evolution in

¹ Vol. i. p. 126.

² See vol. ii. pp. 266, 267.

³ Vol. ii. p. 266.

⁴ 2a. 2æ. q. 57. art. 2. ad 1.

ethics makes a very pretty question, but one far too subtle to be decided in the course of a few passing remarks.

The perfecting stroke of morality, the culmination whereby "personal virtue" is merged at last in "objective virtue," is specified by Mr. Hughes to be "the constraint of conformity to the life of Christ."¹ This he thinks, in the baptized man, is destined finally to be dominant over, if not entirely to supplant, all other constraints or motives, the constraint of happiness included. That will be achieved when "ultimate Christian morals" are attained to. Meanwhile there are "transitional Christian morals," and many baptized persons, he considers, are bound to no more than that morality at present. The characteristic of the perfect Christian morality he fixes as "entire devotion to the common good" and entire forgetfulness of individual happiness, so as to care only for the organic happiness of the Body of Christ, which is the Christian community.² But here we can no further follow Mr. Hughes. We stand by the traditional maxim of the Catholic schools, that Christ our Lord has added nothing to the natural law, but has only declared it in its fulness; and further that He is Himself the author of no positive precepts to mankind, except the precept of faith in the revelation which He has given, and certain precepts regarding the sacraments. And again we must insist on the permanence of the distinction which the Church draws between the commandments and the counsels. Mr. Hughes seems to hold that, with the advance of Christianity, that which is now matter of counsel only will one day be included in the commandments. Such an augury has no countenance from Catholic theology. Then for the fact which Mr. Hughes tacitly supposes, that mankind, or some considerable portion of mankind, are growing age by age more Christ-like and more penetrated with the spirit of our Lord—such a fact is certainly not obvious: the supposition affords matter for considerable discussion.

Mr. Hughes has chapters on the remission of sin, and on the Christian Church, pushing his investigation of our moral nature far into the domain of theology. We are far from quarrelling with him on that account, seeing that the attempt to divorce ethics from theology and from Christianity is one of the great follies of our day. We go back, however, to more strictly ethical ground, and behold Mr. Hughes at work as a

Vol. ii. pp. 253, seq.

² Vol. ii. pp. 283—285.

critic upon Aristotle. Except in physical science, the rule, we take it, holds pretty well: *If you disagree with Aristotle, you are probably wrong.* Certainly the rule holds nowhere better than in ethical and political questions. Mr. Hughes, however, ventures on some disagreement with "the philosopher." And first, in one important particular, he seems to have missed the philosopher's mind. He tells us, by way of exposition of Aristotle, that "devotion to the public good for virtue's sake is the main constituent of a happy life."¹ Surely this is strangely to ignore those two glorious chapters of the *Nicomachean Ethics*,² where Aristotle places happiness in contemplation, the act of an immortal, he says, and too good for man, still to be aimed at by man as supremely good for him in such measure as he can attain to it; and next the philosopher goes on to tell us, the practice of the moral virtues, which would include public spirit and beneficence, yields only a second-class happiness, of a human, not of a divine order, but the happiness of contemplation is divine.

Again, in his criticism of the Aristotelian notion of just retribution,³ Mr. Hughes seems hardly alive to the distinction between *restitution* and *punishment*. Restitution, which is the second part of what Aristotle calls "an involuntary contract,"⁴ is for the sake of the injured individual, to make good his loss, and is matter of *commutative*, or, as Aristotle calls it, *corrective*, *justice*. But all civil punishment has for its object the good of the community, to undo the scandal of the crime. Punishment seems more properly assigned to distributive than to commutative justice: though we fear this assignment is not made by Aristotle. Perhaps the philosopher would have been safer from Mr. Hughes's strictures, had he so assigned it. At any rate, it is clear that punishment and restitution are not the same thing, nor do they go hand in hand; but punishment remains due after restitution has been made, or cannot possibly be made.

Even the great Aristotelian doctrine of the mean in moral virtue comes under Mr. Hughes's censure. In the main, indeed, he accepts the doctrine. As applied to the virtues of temperance and fortitude, and their several parts, the doctrine is quite unexceptional. But its application to the virtue of justice presents considerable difficulty, as Aristotle himself was well aware. It can hardly be called *moderation* to pay your butcher's

¹ Vol. i. p. 121.

² X. vii. viii.

³ Vol. i. pp. 164, 165.

⁴ *Ethics*, V. ii. 12, 13.

bill. Or, to take Mr. Hughes's example, in the observance of law, a man either does what the law prescribes, or he does it not; in either case there is no element of quantity, too much, or too little, or just the right amount, in his conduct. Suppose the law of curfew bids him have lights out by nine p.m.: if he still has his lamp alight at half-past nine, he is not called *immoderate* or *excessive*, he is simply *disobedient*.¹ The quality which Mr. Hughes finds in obedience to law, and in justice generally, is not moderation, but "oneness."² There are a hundred ways of breaking the law, but there is one way of keeping it, which is to do exactly what the law prescribes. This distinction between "oneness" and "moderation" was not unnoticed by the schoolmen, who taught that, whereas in temperance and fortitude the golden mean is relative to the agent, in justice it is objective, fixed and the same for all.³ These Aristotelian difficulties, however, can only be slightly treated here; there is a wide field left for discussion.

On the whole, Mr. Hughes's volumes have one marked characteristic of a good book; they repel the reader at first, and grow upon him as he goes on reading. The thought is deep, if at times a little cloudy; and the piety which they breathe is sincere, striking, and for the most part, solid: *καλῶς δὲ πάντα ἴσως χαλεπόν.*

¹ See vol. i. pp. 110—114.

² Vol. i. p. 120.

³ See St. Thomas, 2a. 2æ. q. 58. art. 10.

The Scythe and the Sword.

A ROMANCE OF OSGOLDCROSS.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF THE EVENTS WHICH FOLLOWED.

I CANNOT deny that when I heard the last ring of the horses' feet and realized that Philip and Jack were gone, perhaps to great adventures, I was somewhat downcast at the thought of being left behind, and once the notion did come into my mind to ride after and join them. But then I thought again of my mother, and sister, and Rose Lisle, and reflected that it was my duty to protect them. And so I opened the orchard gate, and went down the familiar paths and put my horse in his stable, and afterwards went to bed and slept soundly, being somewhat worn out with my doings that day.

Now I expected, when I woke next morning, to hear that Master Nicholas Pratt had sent some of his men after me, for he had proved himself so very much in earnest about our capture that I did not think he would be content to let his birds fly without some attempt to regain them. But there were no magistrates' men there when I left my chamber, and none came during the morning. Also it would seem that Ben Tuckett had been misinformed as to their having sent men to search for papers at Dale's Field, for my mother had had no visitor of that kind on the previous day. So, having remained at home during the morning, so as to be in readiness if Master Pratt and his crew desired to ask questions of me, I considered that my duty was done, and in the afternoon I walked across the meadows to service at Darrington Church, being accompanied by Lucy and Mistress Rose. And we had no sooner got into church than I beheld Ben Tuckett, seated in the corner of the nave, and watching the door. When he saw me he pulled a wry face and seemed much surprised, but he was fain to keep

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his astonishment to himself until evensong was over, which he did with evident discomfort, his eyes constantly wandering over his book to make sure that it was really me whom he saw.

"How now, Will?" said he, joining me in the porch as soon as the last Amen was pronounced. "I thought thou hadst been a hundred miles away by this time. Where, then, are Jack and Master Lisle?"

"A good way on the road, Ben, I hope. As for me, I thought it best to stay here and protect the women."

"I dare say you are right, Will," he answered. "Nevertheless, I would have done my best in that direction. Yea, indeed, I was on my way now to see how they fared, having called in here to see if Lucy perchance came to service."

"You were wrong last night, Ben," I said. "There was no search for any papers at Dale's Field. Neither has any person of Master Pratt's sending been there this morning."

"So I heard in town before setting forth," answered Ben, "and I heard also that Master Pratt was somewhat exceeding his duty yesterday, and is now being heartily laughed at for what has befallen him. Certainly 'tis true that most of the magistrates and aldermen are for the Parliament, but the mayor is not, and he hath the military to support him. And so I fancy, Will, that you will hear no more of last night's affair. And now I perceive that the girls have ceased greeting their acquaintance, Will, so let us cross the fields with them."

And therewith he walked off with Lucy, having by that time arrived at a perfect understanding with her, while I followed after with Mistress Rose, with whom, you may be quite sure, I was not averse to walk and talk, being daily more attracted by her many virtues and graces. Only I was always somewhat tongue-tied when with her, for she seemed so far above me that I never knew what to say or how to say it.

Ben Tuckett was quite right in saying that we should hear no more of the previous night's adventure. Nor did we, save that there were certain people in Pontefract market-place next Saturday who jested with me respecting my tenancy of Master Nicholas Pratt's cellar, seeming to regard the matter as highly diverting. But there were others who looked upon me very blackly, and whispered each to other as I went along, these persons being persistent Parliamentarians who wished not well to the King and his servants. Also I met full face in the streets Master Pratt himself, and could not help smiling in his

face, so diverted did I feel at the sight of him. Whereupon, he grew very red in countenance, and looked angrily at me.

"Have a care, Master Dale," quoth he, "have a care! I may have thee in ward again presently, and thou shalt not escape then, I promise thee."

But I laughed more at that, and went further along the street, where I met the mayor, Master Richard Oates, with whom I stayed to exchange a word.

"Do not vex Master Pratt," said he, when I told him of my recent encounter. "It will not do, Master Dale, to recruit for the King publicly in our town. For see you, there is so much feeling about the Star Chamber and such like things that I think the people are of Master Pratt's way of thinking. To be sure, 'tis a choleric man and a zealous partisan, but it will be well not to vex him. Tut, man, what need to make more enemies than we can help? Do you attend to your farm, Master Dale, and leave politics alone. Your friend Lisle hath left these parts, I hear?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "He has gone to the King, and John Drumbleforth, our parson's son, with him."

"So Jack hath gone? Well, well, 'tis a harum-scarum young lad, but with as good a heart as ever beat. Alas! I mind how skilfully he robbed my orchard! But do not thou go to the wars, Will Dale. There will be fighting, sure enow, and 'tis thy place to protect thy women-kind. But do not recruit here again, Will."

I had no mind to do that, for it was plain to me that the burgesses of Pontefract, taken as a body, were much more in favour of Parliament than King, and were inclined to break the head of any one who went against them. Not, indeed, that His Majesty had no supporters in these parts, for of the gentry and clergy he had plenty, in addition to the garrison of the Castle, under Colonel Lowther, a right valiant commander. For when the King erected his standard and called upon all true subjects to aid him in subduing his rebellious Parliament, there were many gallant gentlemen showed themselves ready to espouse his cause, and give time and money to serve him. Most, indeed, of the great families in our parts did liberally contribute to the royal exchequer at this time, giving, according to their means, from one hundred to many thousands of pounds in money. Moreover, they formed companies of their tenantry and supported them at their own expense, and they provisioned

the Castle against the siege which was expected, and formed themselves and their companies into a garrison, and in this and other ways did all they could to further the King's cause. Such were Sir William Lowther, Colonel Middleton, Colonel Wheatley, Major Dennis, and many others, besides the gentlemen volunteers, which were formed into four divisions, commanded respectively by Colonel Grey, son of Lord Grey, of Warke, in Northumberland, Sir Richard Hutton, Sir John Ramsden, and Sir George Wentworth. These gentleman volunteers had amongst them many great and honourable names, such as the Daveys of Lincolnshire, lords of thirty-three baronies in that county; Sir Edward Radcliffe of Threshfield in Craven; Colonel Portington of Barnby Dunn, who suffered great things for the royal cause; Captain Vavasour of Haslewood, a man of old and noble family, and an adherent of the ancient religion, being a Catholic, as were also many other of the gentlemen volunteers, such as the Crofts, the Sayles, the Hammertons, the Stapletons, the Annes of Burghwallis, the Pearrys, the Easts, the Emsons, and many others; Sir John Ramsden of Byram, Lieutenant Saville, Sir Richard Hutton, High-Sheriff of Yorkshire, whom the King was used to call the honest judge, with many another gallant gentleman who was more minded to serve the monarchy than the democracy. All these conspired to make the ancient Castle a stronghold for the King, and did there practise their companies in the art of war, so that there was good prospect of their being able to hold out in the event of the Parliamentary troops being led against them.

Now for some time after that news came to us but very rarely, and was not stirring or eventful when it did come, so that our lives went on in much the old way. I went about my farm and did my work, riding into market every Saturday and there transacting my business and hearing whatever gossip was afloat. There might have been no disturbance in the land, so smoothly did things go with us at Dale's Field. To me, indeed, it was a pleasant time, for the presence of Rose Lisle seemed to cast a new light over the old house. She had made herself one of us already, looking up to my mother as if she were her own daughter, and busying herself about the household duties just as Lucy did. And so much did she win my mother's heart that I believe she began to love Rose as a daughter, at which I was well pleased, being strangely rejoiced to see it.

Looking back upon that time I cannot decide in my own mind when it was that I first began to love Rose Lisle. Nay, I do not think that there ever was a time when I did not love her, from the first moment in which I set eyes on her, coming singing along the path in the woods, for I thought of her from that day constantly, boy as I was. And yet when I met her again and found her grown a woman, and more beautiful than any woman I had ever seen, I was conscious of a new feeling and a new hope springing up in my heart, so that I came to look upon her as the one desire of my life. To me she was always the same, a maiden to be loved and honoured and won if my unworthiness could win her. Yet there was nothing fiery or impatient about my love for her, for it was enough for me that I could see her and enjoy her presence. And I knew not whether in those days she saw that I loved her, as indeed I did.

But there were others who saw it, and of these none were quicker in seeing it than Jacob Trusty, whose old eyes, I think, could see through a millstone in anything that concerned me. I had often noticed him watching Rose and myself narrowly as we walked of an evening in the garden or orchard, and many a time I had come across him and Rose talking together on such matters as the rearing of poultry and feeding of calves, and other similar subjects in which Jacob's heart delighted. But for a long time he said nothing to me, though I could see that he was thinking a good deal, for he was one of those people who do not deliver their minds in a hurry, and this quality seemed to deepen in him as his years increased. However he was at last minded to address me on the matter, which he did one day as we stood in the cow-house where we had been considering the advisability of feeding the roan cow for market.

"Master Tuckett," said Jacob, "seems to come courting very strong. A persevering young man as ever I saw."

This was true. I suppose nobody was ever more slavishly in love than Ben was with my sister Lucy.

"The door-step," continued Jacob, "never cools of him. However, 'tis the way of the world. So long as there are lasses there will be lads to run after them. In going through the world, William, you will never see ought plainer than that. Who-ho! Stand over, lass."

This last remark was addressed to the roan cow, whose stall

Jacob was bedding down with straw. He poked and prodded the straw about her feet before he resumed his remarks.

"'Tis as natural to fall in love," said Jacob, "as it is for schoolboys to fight. The most natural thing in the world it is. For in going through the world, William, what does a man see? He see the birds a-mating and a-building their nests everywhere, and the doves making love after their fashion in every coppice. Wherefore, I say, it is a very natural thing that young men and women should pair off."

"But Jacob," I said, "you never paired off with anybody, because you have never been married. Come, now, why didn't you practise what you preach?"

"Why, certainly," he said, "that's true, but there's a many people very good at preaching who are very poor at practising, William. True it is I have never been married."

"Nor in love, Jacob?"

"Why," he said, "as to that, there was a young woman in Badsworth parish that I did think of at odd times. A young widow woman she was and as plump as a partridge. Ah! I once walked a matter of seven miles to see her. A fine figure of a woman."

"And it never came to anything, Jacob?"

"No-o," said Jacob, slowly, "no-o. I never could quite give my mind to wedlock, though admiring it in others. It seemed beautiful at a distance, but I don't know how it might be nearer at hand."

"Oh, Jacob, and that is you who talk so finely about birds and doves and such like."

"Aye, marry," he said, with a twinkle of his grey eyes, "and why not? I am well pleased to see Master Tuckett come a courting of our Lucy, and between thee and me and the post, William, I should like to see thee making towards a gold ring thyself. What man, didst ever see a properer maiden than yond'? I lay not."

He pointed across the fold to the orchard where Rose Lisle, fair as a dream of May, was gathering the ripe fruit into a basket and singing some old ditty softly to herself. I turned and watched her in silence.

"If I were thee, William," said old Jacob, "I should thank God three times a day for such a wife as yond'. Never in all this world wilt thou find so fair a maiden, nor so good. Let her not slip from thee. I speak, being old and anxious for thy welfare, having loved thee from thy birth upwards. I should

like to see thy boy sitting on my knee before I go, William, even as thou didst sit there many years ago."

And having said that he immediately began to make a noise and bustle amongst the cows, shaking up the straw in their stalls and causing them to tug so at their chains that I escaped from the racket and joined Rose Lisle in the apple orchard, being half inclined to tell her there and then of my love for her, yet I refrained, for I was not minded to be too hasty, although I knew right well that I loved her as truly as if I had known her for twenty years.

During those first autumn weeks in that year we had little news of Philip Lisle and Jack Drumbleforth. They had sent us word soon after their departure of their safe arrival at Nottingham, where the King was gathering an army about him, but after that there came a long silence during which we had no tidings whatever. We often made inquiry of the people travelling along the road, but received nothing but vague and indefinite tidings of the course of events. Some said that the King had gathered a great army about him; others reported that His Majesty had but a scanty following. Towards the end of September came news of a fight at Powick Bridge, in which the Royalist troops had been successful, and this naturally had given a feeling of encouragement to those who like ourselves were loyal to the monarchy. Then came another period of silence, and then, a month later, we began to hear rumours of a great fight at Edgehill on the borders of Warwick and Oxford, at which, said our informants, many men on both sides had been slain and wounded. We were somewhat anxious at this, being in ignorance as to the safety of our own friends, and we made many inquiries of travellers coming from the south, hearing nothing, however, till well into November when a horseman, covered with mire and mud, rode up to our door, and asking for Master Dale delivered into my hands a thick packet directed to me in Jack Drumbleforth's writing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF JACK'S LETTERS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

NOW as good fortune would have it, Parson Drumbleforth happened to be in our house at the very moment of the arrival of Jack's letter, and knowing that the latter would not fail

to send news to his father, I asked the messenger if he had no communication for the Vicar of Darrington.

"Yea, troth have I," he answered, touching his pouch significantly, "and here it is in my satchel. God send it be not out of my track, for me and my horse are tired enow, having ridden I know not how many miles this day, and being bound for the Castle at Pontefract with despatches for Colonel Lowther."

"It is not out of your track, friend," I said, "but here is the Vicar himself, and you can do your errand without further hindrance. And if your despatches are not too pressing, and you will please to dismount, we will entertain both your horse and yourself with food and rest which will do neither any harm from your appearance."

"You speak truly, master," said the man, getting slowly down from his saddle as if he were stiff with long riding. "You speak truly indeed. Beshrew me if I have drawn rein since I passed Conisbrough Castle, as you may believe by looking at my beast. As for the despatches, I care not about immediate deliverance of them, so long as they fall not into the enemy's hands."

"We are for the King here," I said, and led him into the kitchen, whither he followed me with great readiness, "and your despatches will be safe enough, for there has been no fighting in this quarter as yet, whatever there may be to come."

"You are well off," said he, sinking down like a tired man upon the long settle. "By the great Turk! but we had a fair brush of it at Edgehill yonder. A plague take this war, say I! If it were with one's natural enemies, Spaniard or Turk, well and good, but as it is——"

"Then Master Drumbleforth has been at Edgehill?" I said. "Is he well, and is Master Lisle with him?"

"They are both thereabouts," he answered, "or may be at this present they are on the road towards London, for His Majesty is minded to spend Christmas at Whitehall, and is pushing on thither."

"Then the King hath won the fight at Edgehill?"

"Why that, master, is more than I can say. Myself, I should say 'twas a drawn game. However, Essex and his men have retreated southwards, and the royal forces are after them."

By that time the maids had brought food and drink, and placed them before the messenger; so bidding him refresh himself and spare not, I carried the letters into my mother's

parlour, where she and Parson Drumbleforth and the two girls were seated conversing in the firelight. For it was now growing dark and cold o' nights, and we were always glad to get the curtain drawn and the candles lighted so that we might hear the wind and rain outside, and feel comfortable that we were safely housed.

"News from the wars!" I cried, holding up the two letters. "A messenger carrying despatches for Colonel Lowther hath brought them with him. Here is one for you, sir, from Jack, and another for me. Mistress Rose, there is nought from your father, but he is well, so the messenger says, and may be he has enclosed somewhat in Jack's letter."

So I whipped out my knife, and cut away the cover, but there was no letter for Rose lying therein.

"He hath been too busy to write," she said, smiling, "but he will have sent some message by Master Drumbleforth's letter. So long as he is well I care not."

Now the Vicar had eagerly opened his own epistle, and was now peering at it through his glasses, while my mother and Lucy stood eagerly by to hear the news.

"Are they well, sir?" inquired my mother. "Pray God they both be in good health, so far away from home and friends as they are. 'Tis poor work to be sick in a strange country."

"Why," said Parson Drumbleforth, "they seem to be well enough, mistress, judging from the manner in which my son writes to me. Nevertheless, his epistle is a somewhat short one, and dealeth in little news. But if ye will give ear I will read it to you, so that we may all share in it."

So when he had cleared his voice, he read as follows :

At the King's camp near Edgehill,
October 26, 1642.

To the Rev. Mr. Drumbleforth, M.A., Vicar of Darrington
in the County of Yorkshire. These :

Honoured Father,—There being a messenger about to carry despatches from our camp here unto Colonel Lowther at Pontefract Castle, I am minded to write these to your Reverence, in the hope that they may find you in as good health as I now enjoy, for which I thank God heartily. I would have you know that there hath been a great fight here at Edgehill, in which both Master Lisle and myself figured without hurt to ourselves, save that Master Lisle hath gotten a cut across the fingers of his right hand which doth prevent him at present from holding a pen. For this reason I am about writing a long

letter to Will Dale, so that he may give news to Mistress Rose, and as I am no hand at much writing of epistles, I will beg you, honoured sir, to step along the highway to Dale's Field and learn the news there. Only I will here tell you that I am now in very good health, and have as yet come in no great need of anything, though indeed my shirts are becoming ragged, and my half-hose are well-nigh worn through. Yea, indeed, you might say to Mistress Deborah that if she hath any linen or other body-clothes of mine stored away, she would do well to pack it up, and send it to me by the bearer of this, who will return hither shortly. For I wish not to be reduced to the condition of some who, having but one shirt, are forced to go without while what they have is washed.

"Poor things, poor things," said my mother. "Alas, the war is a terrible matter. What would their mothers say if they could see them in such a plight?"

"I will resume," said the Vicar.

As to food, honoured sir, we have so far done fairly well, and I have grown no thinner. Likewise the life so far hath suited my mind very well, though I know not how it may be when the winter sets in. However, we have beaten back the enemy, and are now following him towards London, where the King means to spend Christmas. And so, sir, assuring you that I am well in body and mind, and do strive to fulfil all my duties as a Christian man, I will refer you to Will Dale for further news. Only I will beg you to believe that I am your very dutiful and loving son,

JOHN DRUMBLEFORTH.

"'Tis a very right and proper letter," said the Vicar, folding up the sheet with much pride, "and doth the lad great credit. I am rejoiced to think that in the midst of battles and conflicts he doeth his duty as a Christian man should. Yea, indeed, this letter hath much refreshed me. But now, William, let us have thy news, which I doubt not will contain a deal of war and bloodshed, and such like. Open thy paper, man, and read."

"Why, sir," said I, "there are the people without who have heard that news has come, and they are anxious to hear it. What do you say, mother, if we allow them to come inside here and listen to Jack's letter being read?"

"'Tis a good thought," said Parson Drumbleforth. "Yea, mistress, let us have them all inside."

So my mother called them all to come, and presently they appeared, Jacob Trusty, and the maids, and Timothy Grass, and the ploughboys, and stood in a group at the door, ready to listen. Only the messenger stayed by himself in the kitchen,

eating and drinking at his ease, with the firelight shining on his rough and weather-beaten countenance.

"Friends," said I, when they had all assembled, "here is a letter which hath come from the wars, from Mr. John Drumbleforth. We thought you would like to hear what news he sends, so you shall hear it read."

"Aye," said Parson Drumbleforth. "Read on, Will."

But I did not think of reading it myself, Jack's writing being somewhat clerkly, and not like print. So I handed it over to Rose.

"Mistress Rose," I said, "you are a greater scholar than I and have a clearer voice. Will you read us Jack's letter?"

So she consented, standing up by the light, and looking mighty pretty as she stood there. And this is what she read to us:

At the Camp beyond Edgehill,
October 26, 1641.

To Mr. William Dale at his farm of Dale's Field along the Great North Road, near Pontefract, in Yorkshire. These:

Dear Will,—There has been a great battle fought at Edgehill here, and Master Lisle has had a cut across the fingers of his right hand, so that he is unable to write to Mistress Rose himself. But you will tell her that he is quite well and in good health otherwise and sendeth his dearest love and blessing to her, hoping that she too is well and that he may see her again ere long. Likewise that he will write unto her with his own hand so soon as he can use it once more, which will not be long, the wound being but insignificant.

"Thank the Lord for that!" said Jacob Trusty. "For the fingers are but tender things when all is said and done."

We came on here, Will, from joining the King's forces near Nottingham, and we have had one other brush with the enemy before this fight at Edgehill, namely, at Powick Bridge, where we did vanquish the Parliamentarians with very great ease. This affair at Edgehill, however, was a matter of different complexion and showed me what war is really like when it comes to it. For here was Essex with a considerable force of men, and some of them exceeding well-trained and officered, so that we knew there was some stiff and bloody work before us ere ever we drew sword. And now that it is over I cannot say that we have gained any decided advantage, for though the Parliamentarians are retreating before us, it is very slowly, and seems to savour more of caution than fear. However, the advantage, if any there be, is with us, for which we are thankful.

I wish, Will, that you could have been side by side with me in this

fight, for it was indeed hot work and gave me many new feelings. I cannot describe to you how the bullets whistled past our ears, or how the cannon thundered, nor how the charges of cavalry shook the ground. Neither have I clerkship enough to tell you how it looked when dead and dying men strewed the ground in all directions. As for myself, there was at first a strange sensation came over me, but then I got hot and earnest, and thought of nothing but winning the day. I wish, too, that you had seen the charge of Prince Rupert and his cavalry, which swept the Parliamentarians away like chaff before the wind, for it was the finest sight ever I saw. Nevertheless, Will, many old campaigners do seem to think that this same Prince Rupert hath somewhat too much of haste about him for a great commander. Certain it is that he is headstrong and impetuous, and doeth everything as if he were a whirlwind rushing over the earth.

We have heard considerable news of what is going on during these last few weeks, for there are couriers and messengers going and coming continually with tidings from all parts. We understand that there is hardly a town or village where they are not making preparations for war on one side or the other. As to how the land will be divided, they say that the nobility, gentry, and common people will be for the King, while the trading classes and the yeomen of the south and west are for the Parliament. But the common people of London are not for the King, for we have heard that no less than four thousand of them enlisted on the Parliamentary side in one day. Hampden has been down in Buckinghamshire and has there raised a band of two thousand men, whom he hath dressed in green coats, so that they make a brave show. We hear too, that one Oliver Cromwell, a Member of Parliament, is raising a band of men in the fen country, and is disciplining them in rare fashion, having boasted that with a thousand men of his own stamp he will put the King's forces to confusion. And certain it is, Will, that some of these Parliamentarians are terribly in earnest over this matter, and are willing to back up their arguments by hard knocks.

The King hath gotten himself a good army together and at present his friends seem assured of victory, yet His Majesty hath not a happy look upon his countenance, which is always sad and thoughtful. I hear that the Queen hath gone abroad to raise money for the war, and hath taken with her the crown jewels and ornaments wherewith to further that object. How our army will fare about supplies I know not at present, but up to this time we have had no cause of complaint, and so long as we continue to be successful I think the men will live in good spirits. Moreover, we hope shortly to be in London, but there will be some sharp brushes ere we get there, for the trained bands will certainly oppose our progress, and they are commanded by General Skippon, who, I understand, hath had long experience in the German wars. Doubt not, however, that we shall give a good account of ourselves, for we are not lightly to be put down by these roundhead knaves.

Yet, indeed, Will, this war is a terrible matter, for there are families divided against each other and it is easily done for father to kill son or son to kill father.

"Alas!" said my mother, "he is right—a terrible matter it is indeed. Would it were well over!"

And now I have no more news for thee at present, old Will, save that Master Lisle is commander of a company of volunteers, and I am one of his men and likely to be promoted, being, so they say, of good stuff for a soldier. So when I come homewards again I may perhaps come as Captain or Colonel. Glad indeed I shall be to see ye all again, for in all my wanderings thus far I have seen nought that I liked so well as our own village with its grey church tower and comfortable ale-house, nor have I met any face that I welcomed as I would welcome one of our own home faces. So thou wilt remember me to everybody—to thy mother and sister and to Mistress Rose and to Jacob, and thou wilt tell Jacob that I have remembered his many admonitions and found them useful, and thou mayest tell Timothy that the horses in these parts are not like ours, and beg thy mother to make the autumn ale extra strong this year, for indeed I am looking forward to it. And now I will say farewell to all of you until another time, when thou shalt hear more, God willing, from thy old friend,

JOHN DRUMBLEFORTH.

So the letter was read, and we were all glad to hear that our two adventurers were so far well and prosperous. And the servants having gone out, much pleased with what they had heard, I followed them to speed forward the messenger with his despatches for Colonel Lowther, bidding him call upon us the next day as he returned southwards, so that we might give him letters for our friends. And after he had gone we sat down with pens and papers and wrote news to them, assuring them of our joy that so far they had been spared amidst all their dangers.

CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF DENNIS WATSON.

DURING the next few months we heard little news of Philip Lisle and Jack Drumbleforth, for the war made but small progress, the rival armies being for the most part in safe quarters for the winter. Now and then, indeed, we had letters from both our adventurers, but they had little to tell us, nor

could they give us any information as to what time we might expect to see them again. So matters went on during that winter, and there were many who prophesied that before spring the sad difference 'twixt King and Parliament would be adjusted, and the nation restored to peace and tranquillity. But there were others, men of keener sight and perception, who knew that the unhappy quarrel now in existence would only be terminated by the complete overthrow of one side or the other. Amongst these men, who proved the true prophets in the end, there were none more sagacious than Oliver Cromwell, the man of whom Jack Drumbleforth had spoken in his letter, and who afterwards came to enjoy great power, so that he ruled England for many years with sterner hand than any king had ever exercised. This Cromwell was a yeoman of Huntingdon, a man of the most surprising powers, so that those who favoured his views looked upon him as nearly divine, and obeyed him as surely no king was ever obeyed. As for his generalship, none will dispute that he was the central figure of this sad war, for he and his Ironsides turned the fortune of the fight many a time when things were going against the Parliamentarians. Now during that winter this Cromwell was training his men with a skill and conviction which speedily made his troop unrivalled for bravery and prowess in the field. Such a general, I suppose, never lived, for he refused to have men under him who fought not from conviction, so that his regiment became a body of troopers who struck each blow under the firm belief that their strength was increased by the powers of Heaven. Men who fought for fighting sake, old soldiers who fought because to fight was their profession, he would have none of; his Ironsides were men like himself, animated with the sense of a mission from on high. How these men did succeed in the Civil War all England knows at this present time. And though I could never side with them, being by conviction a Royalist, and believing that popular Government is much more tyrannical than ever Monarchical has been or can be, I did yet see enough of them to know that they were true Englishmen and impelled to what they did by a sense of real patriotism.

Now during that winter I had other matters to think of than the war, for I was much exercised in my mind over the peculiar conduct of Dennis Watson. I have said little of Dennis and his father lately, for indeed they have not come within my history, I having seen little of them since my father's

death. True, I constantly saw them at the markets, never holding speech with them nor being in their company, for I regarded them both with exceeding bitter feelings, being convinced that Rupert Watson was the murderer of my dead father, and not liking what I knew of Dennis. Many an hour did I pass in thinking over the events of that fatal night when my father was shot down at my side, and at such times my fingers itched to grasp his assassin's throat and crush the breath out of him. But with all my thinking I could never get any nearer the heart of the matter, and so was fain to let it rest as it did. And yet I had no doubt that it was Rupert Watson who committed that foul deed, and I have often stood in Pontefract market-place watching his dark face and longing that I could fasten the full guilt upon him and bring him to task for his crime.

By this time Dennis Watson was grown up to manhood and took his full share in the affairs of his father's business. He was a tall, fine-looking man, not by three inches as tall as myself, but exceedingly well-proportioned and handsome in countenance, so that the maidens in that neighbourhood were used to say he was the best looking fellow in the county. Yet for all his good looks there was something about his face, whether in eyes or mouth I cannot say, which made me feel that I could never have trusted or liked him, even if he had not been a Watson and therefore my rightful enemy. Some people may say that I had a prejudice against him and that my dislike to him arose therefrom, but, as events proved, I was right in what I thought. For he was not only false and treacherous, but cruel and revengeful, as you will see in the course of this history. Yea, I think that if his father were possessed of bad qualities, they were increased and multiplied in Dennis.

It was drawing near to the end of winter when I had occasion one Saturday to go to Doncaster market, instead of proceeding, as was my wont, to the market at Pontefract, and in consequence of this it was somewhat late in the evening when I reached home again, being further delayed by a heavy storm of snow, which came upon me as I rode between Barnsdale and Wentbridge. Now when I came into the kitchen I found the two girls, Lucy and Rose, busied in drying many garments of female attire at a great fire, as if they had been out in the storm, like myself, and had got wet through, which I was not, being protected by my great cloak that hath kept me dry and

warm in all sorts of weather for half a century. So when I came to question them, it appeared that they had desired to go into Pontefract market that afternoon and had walked thither by way of Darrington. And there, as girls will, they had tarried so long looking at the goods exposed for sale in the mercer's shops, that the darkness came upon them ere they were out of the town, and to make matters worse, the snow-storm overtook them as they came over Swanhill.

"But there," said Rose, who had told me all this news, "a good Samaritan was riding by in his light cart, and seeing our plight, he offered us a lift and brought us home to the very orchard gate, which was a kind thing to do, for we had been wet through else."

"And who was your cavalier?" I asked.

"Nay," she answered, "I know him not, but so far as one could see, he was a handsome young man and very well spoken too, and did for us all that he could."

"Did you know him, Lucy?" I inquired, turning to my sister, who was busied with some article of finery at the fire.

"Yes," said Lucy, with something of reluctance as I thought. "Yes, I knew him, Will, but I fear you will be angry if I tell you his name. For it was Dennis Watson, brother, who gave us a ride home."

"Dennis Watson!"

"You need not look so much astonished," said Lucy, who was half-ready to weep. "If you had seen what a plight we were in you would have excused us."

"Why," said Rose, "for what are we to be excused, pray? Is there any harm, Master Will, in two young women accepting such timely help?"

"You do not understand," I said. "This Watson is our deadly enemy, and Lucy knows that she should never have so much as speech with him. For shame, Lucy! You should have walked through a wilderness of snow rather than accepted help from him."

Now I spoke so sharply that poor Lucy, who was very tender-hearted, and had been completely spoiled for ought but soft speeches by that simpleton, Ben Tuckett, began to shed tears and otherwise exhibit much emotion. Of which conduct I took no heed, continuing to upbraid her sharply, until I saw Mistress Rose's cheeks grow red and her eyes bright, and

presently she turned upon me very fiercely and looked at me so indignantly that I became silent.

"Go your ways, Master Dale," she said. "You are too bad and too cruel, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for speaking to poor Lucy in this unmanly way. A pretty thing indeed that we may not accept a little gallantry without being spoken to in this fashion!"

"Indeed, Mistress Rose," I said, "I am not addressing myself to you, but to Lucy there, who knows——"

"Lucy knows that if we had not accepted Master Watson's kindness we should have caught our deaths of cold," she answered, "but that perhaps would have suited you better, so that your naughty pride should not be injured. For shame, Master Dale! And now go away and let me comfort Lucy. You should have Master Drumbleforth to lecture you for your unkindness to your sister."

And therewith she made up to Lucy and put her arms round her, turning her own pretty face towards me with such a look of injury that I was completely subdued and stumbled out of the kitchen, wondering how it is that a woman can beat a man nine times out of ten. For there was not a man in all Yorkshire could have scolded me with impunity, and yet I dared not say a word to Mistress Rose Lisle. So away I went to my own chamber to change my own damp garments, and returning after a little time found Rose alone in the great kitchen, Lucy having gone to assist my mother in some household duty. Now they had left to Rose the task of giving me my supper, so there she was ready to wait upon me, which she did very dutifully. Perhaps I looked somewhat ashamed of myself for my recent conduct (though, indeed, upon reflection, I know not what there was to be ashamed of), and Rose seeing it thought to give me some comfort, for presently, while I was eating and drinking, and she sitting near busied with some woman's work of sewing or shaping, she gave me a timid glance and said that she feared she had spoken too sharply but a little while ago, and begged my pardon for doing so.

"Though indeed, Will," she continued, "you were too hard upon poor Lucy, who meant no ill. Do you really think she did wrong to accept Master Watson's help?"

"Yes," I said shortly, meaning not to be forced from my position on any account. "Yes, because she knew that the man is our enemy."

"To have heard him speak," she said, "I should not have thought him to be any one's enemy."

"I know not how he speaks," I answered. "Rough-spoken or soft-spoken, our enemy he is."

"But why should you be enemies?" she asked. "Surely it is best to be at peace with all, is it not?"

"I cannot answer that, Mistress Rose. I suppose Parson Drumbleforth would say that it is, and therefore I ought to say so too, but you see the Dales and Watsons have always been at enmity, and always will be."

"Nay," she said, "why should they? Must strife go on for ever? Why do you not heal your differences and be at peace?"

"Mistress Rose," I said, "did you never hear tell of my father's foul murder? Slain he was, as cruelly as ever man was slain—shot down on the high-road as if he had been a dog."

"Yes," she said, "I have heard of it."

"And did you not know that we believe that Rupert Watson, the father of this Dennis, to have been the murderer? Yea, that we do! And now you know why these Watsons are our enemies and why we must have neither part nor lot with them."

She was silent for a little time after that and sat diligently plying her needle.

"But, Master Dale," she said after a time, "do you really think that this Master Rupert Watson killed your father? Can any man be so cruel as to commit such a deed? Might it not have been the work of some robber who was alarmed at the coming of others and rode away after firing upon your poor father? It seems so hard to think that any man could foully slay another like that."

"It may seem so to one like yourself," I said, "but so far as I have seen, a man will do anything for revenge. And Rupert Watson had need of revenge."

"But if he did it," she said, "his son had naught to do with the wickedness. And it is so much better to be at peace with one's neighbours, that it would seem more kind not to visit the father's faults on the son. It is not right, is it, to blame one for what another has done, nor to think the son is bad because the father was?"

"I know not whether it be right or wrong, Mistress Rose," I answered, "but this I do know, that Dennis Watson comes of a bad stock and is our enemy and will always be."

So after that she said no more, only she seemed to think that

I was one of an unforgiving temper. But I could not find it in my heart to think well of any Watson.

Now the next morning was fine and frosty, and in accordance with our usual custom we walked along the high-road to the morning service at Darrington Church. And we had not long been seated in the church when I caught sight of Dennis Watson, who occupied a seat near our own, and who was looking boldly upon Rose. Thereat a thought struck me which sent me first hot and then cold, and made my blood tingle in my veins. What if this ancient enemy of mine had seen Rose Lisle only to covet her and wish to win her for himself? Indeed there was no reason why he should not fall in love with Rose Lisle if his heart inclined that way. But I felt that if such a thing should ever come to pass as that he should win her, then—but there I thought no more of it, only I made a great vow that Rose should be mine and mine only, whatever might come.

Dennis Watson, however, had evidently some project on his mind, for no sooner was the last Amen said than he hurried out of church and stood waiting us when we came through the porch, where he stood bowing and scraping to the two girls, who were going out first. He was dressed very fine, and his grand clothes looked gay and modish in comparison with my own sober garments. When I came up with them, he was already addressing the girls, Rose accepting his remarks with a polite air, but Lucy shrinking back as if frightened, as indeed she was, knowing that I was behind her.

"I was but too glad to be able to do a little service to two ladies," Dennis was saying as I strode up behind. "Mistress Lucy, I trust was——"

But there I spoke myself.

"Mistress Lucy Dale, sir, is grateful for the service you did her, as I expect she told you at the time, so that I know no need for more to be said."

And with that I drew Lucy's arm within my own and turned away. But I saw the same dark flush rise to Dennis Watson's face, and the same look come into his eyes which I remembered of old when we were schoolboys together.

"As you please, Master Dale," said he, "you seem inclined for enmity rather than friendship."

"Between you and me," I answered, "there can be no friendship, Master Dennis Watson. There is blood between us."

Now I would not have said that upon reflection, but it had slipped my lips ere I was aware. His face went pale and he glared at me angrily.

"So you accuse us of murder, do you?" he whispered, walking close to my side. "There shall be more blood between us if you like. Meet me in Went Woods to-morrow at sunrise and let us settle our difference, Master Dale. The sooner the better to my mind."

"As you will, I said, and walked onward. He had spoken in a low voice and the girls had not heard him. But I had heard and comprehended, and now there I was face to face with the ancient quarrel, which it seemed that nothing could stamp out.

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE MEETING IN THE WOODS.

I SUPPOSE that I was very quiet and reflective during that walk home from church, for more than once Mistress Rose Lisle rallied me on my silence. And indeed I had cause for reflection, for I knew that what had passed between me and Dennis Watson meant serious business. I was not the man to draw back when he spoke of meeting to settle our difference, for I had no fear either of him or of death. But I do not think any man, however brave he may be, can choose but think seriously when he is about to fight a duel. There he is with a very great chance of being shot, and more chance I suppose than in a pitched battle. Now if I were to be shot and killed it would be a very unpleasant thing in more senses than one. For the women would be left defenceless and the farm would be without master, and everything would be at sixes and sevens, to say nothing of the grief that would result. However, what must be, must be, and it was perhaps as well that the old quarrel had broken out again sooner than later. I knew right well that Dennis Watson and myself could never be other than enemies, and when there is a feeling like that betwixt two men, bloodshed is certain to result. So when I had come to that conclusion, I strove to put the matter from me and to talk and think of other things. But in spite of my endeavours I could not quite keep the matter out of my mind, and presently I found myself wishing that Jack Drumbleforth were at home so that I could

ask his advice. For Jack was skilled in the conduct of all these sort of matters and would have been sure to give me wise counsel.

I was not, however, to go quite without an adviser, for when we reached home we found Ben Tuckett seated in the parlour, he having walked over the hill from Pontefract to pay his usual Sunday visit to Lucy. I was very glad to see honest Ben, and determined to confide in him. Yet I would much rather have seen Jack's face, for Ben, though a true friend and a trusty, was very fond of preserving his own skin and other people's too, and hated the sight of pistol or sword. Nevertheless I determined to press him into service on this occasion.

After dinner I got Ben out of the house on pretence of wishing to show him a new cow which I had purchased the previous day at Doncaster. Ben was somewhat slow in responding to my invitation, for it was a bitter cold day outside, and the fire in my mother's parlour looked very inviting. Moreover, there were some fine apples and walnuts on the table, and Lucy had picked out a remarkably large pear for Ben to try his teeth on, so that he gazed longingly around him as I led him forth and shivered when we turned into the fold.

"Come, Ben," I said, "you can surely stand ten minutes of cold weather. You did not notice the cold, I warrant, as you came along this morning!"

"No," said he, "for then, Will, I was coming into Paradise, but now I am going away from it. Did you never notice that the schoolboy goes slowly to school and quickly from it? Likewise that a horse comes home from market faster than it goes? Show me this wonderful cow, Will, and let us go back to the fire and the girls."

"Never mind the cow," I said, "it is not worth seeing. Come in here, Ben, into the granary. It is warm enough here for anything. You see I have something to tell you and could not tell it before the women."

"Oh," said he, "now I see what you would have. Well, out with it, Will, for your granary is, after all, but a draughty place."

"Ben," I said, "what would you say if I told you I was going to fight a duel?"

"Why, I should say more fool you," answered Ben.

"That is just what I thought. Well I am going to fight a duel."

"Then I cannot say anything less, Will. A duel! Well, I had a better opinion of you than that."

"Do you think I want to fight, man? Not I indeed, but there are times when a man is forced to fight."

"I do not believe it," said he. "For look you, Will, if a man wanted to fight me, I should tell him that I valued my life too dearly to expose it in that mad fashion. For life and liberty I would fight hard enow, but I would not put myself within twelve yards of another man's pistol for him to shoot at in cold blood. That I call rank folly."

"Well, so it may be, Ben; but you would not have me a coward?"

"I know thee, Will, for as brave a lad as ever stepped, but thou wouldst not wax braver in my estimation by fighting a hundred duels."

"This one, however, I must fight, Ben. There is no question about it."

"And with what other fool art thou going to fight, Will?"

"With Dennis Watson."

Ben nodded his head significantly.

"Oh," said he, "so that old sore is reopened, is it? The sleeping dogs will not lie, eh, Will?"

"They might have slept for ever if it had rested with me, lad. And yet perhaps not. So far as I can see it is impossible for us Dales and Watsons to be at ought but enmity. Do you remember Ben, that occasion when Dennis and I fought behind the high wall in the school-yard?"

"Yea, very well."

"After I had fairly beaten him he came up to me and told me that he hated me and always should hate me and would cause me such trouble as would make me wish that I had never been born. So that you see, Ben, hatred like that is not like to die out."

"Lads," replied Ben, "will say aught. You should have fallen upon him and given him another thrashing for his naughty speech. But this present disagreement—how came it about?"

"In this wise. It would seem that Dennis Watson gave Lucy and Mistress Rose a lift from the market on Saturday evening, and I was very grieved on account of that, and did chide Lucy very sharply therefore, as indeed I had a right too, for she is not thy wife yet, Master Benjamin."

"Go on, lad, go on. You were always masterful over your womenkind."

"Well, then, up springs Mistress Rose and flouts me most unmercifully, so that I had never a word to say. Yea, and looked at me, Ben, like a queen, so that I was quite ashamed of myself, saying that I was unkind to Lucy, and I know not what."

"I am glad she hath such a spirit," said Ben.

"Then this morning we went our ways to church, and there was this Watson in fine clothes like a jay, and when we came out he must be bowing and smiling to the two maidens, until I cut it short by telling him that I supposed my sister had already thanked him for his service, and therefore there was no need to say more. And at that he asks if I am for enmity or friendship, or something to that effect, to which I replied that there could never be aught but enmity between us. So then he said that we had best settle our difference, and if I would meet him in Went Wood to-morrow at sunrise we would settle it. And now, Ben, you know all about it."

"And a poor tale it is," said Ben. "Why should you reply that there must always be enmity between you?"

"Because his father murdered mine."

"You think so, Will, but you do not know it. But even if Rupert did slay your father, what had Dennis to do with that?"

"He is a Watson."

"Pooh! Am I to be blamed for all the vagaries that Englishmen are now carrying on because I am of the nation too? You are wrong, Will. 'Tis better to be at peace than at enmity. Again, why did you chide Lucy? Did Dennis do anything but a neighbourly act in giving the maidens a lift? Why, 'twas snowing heavy that night!"

"Lucy had no business to accept a favour from him," I said.

"Why, man, that is, to my mind, pure folly," said Ben. "However, we will not argue the point. Only, I should not like to be hated by thee, Will, for thou art a good hater. Well, can we go back to the fire now?"

"Not till I have told you what I want, Ben. You must sleep here to-night and go with me in the morning. You can do that at least for me, whether you think me right or wrong."

"Very well," he said, and we went towards the house again,

but had not crossed the field when I caught sight of a lad standing at the gate with a paper in his hand. He came over when he saw us and gave me the paper, saying that Master Dennis Watson had sent it.

"Let us see what he has to say," I said, turning away with Ben and breaking the seal. "Listen, Ben."

If William Dale is in the same mind that he was in this morning, let him bring a friend with him to meet Dennis Watson and his friend at the old sheep-fold in Went Vale to-morrow morning at eight of the clock.

"You see, Ben," I said, "he is not minded to let things rest. So now we must fight. Tell your master," I continued, turning to the boy, "that I will do what he wishes."

"God's mercy!" said Ben, sighing deeply. "What a state of things is this, where men grown do act like children! Well, I will stand by thee to the end, Will, and if you fall I will protect the women. Alas, you had much better have gone to the wars, for there you would have had some chance. And now let us inside to the fire."

During the rest of that day I was very restless and unsettled in my demeanour, and I suppose that Rose Lisle must have noticed it, for she kept looking at me in a strange way. I could neither talk nor eat, but wandered about from parlour to kitchen and in and out of the house so that my mother and Lucy both spoke of my restlessness. And this was from no fear on my part, but because I wanted the time to pass and the affair to be over.

Late that night in my own chamber I cleaned my pistol and made ready my powder and shot, placing them in readiness for next morning. Somehow the sight and handling of them restored my calmness, and presently I went to bed and slept as soundly as was usual with me. And when I woke the grey light was struggling through the window, whereupon I rose and woke Ben, and finding that it was nearly time for our meeting we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks and set forth across the snow to the woods. Now that the time was at hand I felt as cool and unconcerned as ever I did in all my life, but poor Ben, who neither liked the business we were on, nor leaving his warm bed for the frosty morning, was wobegone and miserable, and did shiver and tremble so that I had to give him my arm.

"Why, Ben," said I, "this is the wrong way about. It is you who ought to support me, not I you. You might be going to be shot at yourself, man."

"It is all very well to talk, Will, but I had rather be shot at myself than see another man shot at. Fancy the suspense while you take aim at one another! Whew! it makes me run cold to think of!"

"Then do not think of it. And prithee pluck up some courage, for see, here they are, and I would not that either of us should show any signs of fright."

"Who is it that Dennis hath brought with him?" said Ben, as we stepped into the enclosure. "Is it any one we know?"

"It is Tom Gascoyne," I said. "Ah! that is another man I like not. Birds of a feather are these two, Ben. But see, here is Tom coming towards us. Go you to meet him, Ben, and settle your plans quickly. Let us have no tarrying, so that the thing may be over and done with."

"Alas!" groaned Ben, and went to meet Gascoyne, while I stayed behind watching them. They met, conversed a moment, examined and loaded the pistols, and then fell to talking again. Presently I saw Ben exhibit decided signs of dissent, shaking his head vehemently at what the other said, and growing so decided in his non-agreement that he came away to speak to me.

"What think you, Will?" said he. "They want you to face each other at fifteen paces, which is reasonable enough, but they also want you to fire in turn, the first turn to be tossed for. Why 'tis murder, say I!"

"Nonsense, man," said I. "Let them have their own way about it. I have as good a chance of winning the toss as Watson hath."

"'Tis naught but murder!" grumbled Ben. "I wish I had set the magistrates on you."

But he went back, and presently he and Gascoyne took the best of three tosses and then Ben, with a lugubrious face, came to say that Dennis was to have the first shot.

"And they say he shoots well with the pistol," sighed Ben. "Heaven turn the bullet from thee, Will. You are to stand here. Oh, that I had never come into this murderous business!"

"Come, Ben, be a man. I do not think he will hit me. See, Gascoyne calls thee."

So there I stood, a clear mark against the snow-covered trees, and Dennis Watson stood fifteen paces away, his pistol hanging down by his side. Somehow I had no fear that he would hit me. I only felt curious to know what would happen.

"Gentlemen," said Tom Gascoyne, "are you ready? Then, when I say 'Fire,' you, Dennis, will raise your piece and fire instantly."

"There must be no taking aim," groaned Ben. "It were murder if he took aim."

"There must be no taking aim," said Gascoyne. "The pistol must be lifted and fired at the word. Are you ready?"

"Yes," I called. "Quite ready."

I looked straight at Dennis Watson as I spoke and saw his eyes staring directly at mine.

"One—two—three," said Gascoyne, slowly and clearly.

But ere he could say the fatal word, someone cried, "Stop," in a voice that made us all start and turn. And there we stood fixed and motionless, looking at Rose Lisle as she burst into the clearing, her face whiter than the snow and her large eyes full of horror at the sight before her.

Reviews.

I.—THE HISTORY OF ST. DOMINIC.¹

THERE is no need to recommend Miss Drane's Life of St. Dominic to those who are already acquainted with her beautiful biography of St. Catherine of Siena. Her present task was a more difficult one, but has been accomplished with remarkable success. Miss Drane is a very careful historian, not at all prone to insert unchallenged every story which seems to exalt the Saint. She is critical, and in these critical days it is very necessary to be on our guard against the common accusation that we are uncritical. We notice with satisfaction that she rather leans to rejection than to acceptance in the case of any story which is disputed or improbable.

St. Dominic has many claims to honour. His personal sanctity, the glorious Order that he founded, his apostolate among the Albigensian and other heretics, and above all, the privilege granted to him of being the means of introducing the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary into use among the faithful, all mark him out as distinguished even among the Saints. His holiness appears to have been a gift granted to him in answer to the prayers of a saintly mother, and grew up with him from babyhood. While still an infant, he would get out of his cradle or little cot, and spend the night on the bare ground, and he displayed from infancy those characteristics common to all great Saints—angelic modesty, compassion for the poor, and an intense devotion to the Holy Mother of God.

The war that St. Dominic waged so successfully against the Albigensian heretics was one in which he fought, not with earthly, but with heavenly arms. His supernatural gifts, divine wisdom, masterly eloquence, and surpassing charity, were irresistible. More than once God confirmed by miracle the arguments of St. Dominic. The book in which was written his

¹ *The History of St. Dominic.* By Augusta T. Drane. With Illustrations. London: Longmans.

defence of Catholic dogma was thrown into the fire and came out unsinged, and this more than once. (pp. 44—46.) Some reapers who opposed him with threatened violence, found their sheaves covered with blood. In answer to his prayers that God would show the heretics who it was that they served, a hideous monster appeared in their midst, and then suddenly disappeared. The attempt to charge St. Dominic with a connivance at the cruelty with which the heretics of southern France are said to have been treated, is triumphantly disproved by Miss Drane. He had no part in the crusade of De Montfort, in which certainly excesses were committed, towns sacked, and their inhabitants indiscriminately put to the sword in a way that cannot be justified. But we must not forget that the crusading army consisted of a very mixed multitude, many of whom, like Count Raymund of Toulouse, took up the sword only to shelter themselves from the consequence of their own misdeeds. The heretics against whom it was waged were, moreover, not merely heretics, but criminals, guilty not only of sacrileges the most abominable, but of murders for which they justly deserved to die, and other crimes for which seven years' penal servitude would have been a lenient sentence in the present day. Many of them were burnt or put to the sword, but these were regarded as very ordinary punishments in those barbarous days, and we must not judge of mediæval judges by nineteenth-century notions.

However, with all this St. Dominic had nothing to do. His labours among the heretics of Languedoc were exclusively those of an apostle. His mission was entirely one of mercy and reconciliation. He wept, he prayed, he did penance for the sins of the people. Whether he bore the title of Inquisitor or not matters nothing, for the name had not then the meaning which attached to it from the conduct of those who subsequently held it, and often abused their sacred trust. No single act is recorded of his ten years' life among the heretics which was not an act of love and self-devotion.

The traditions respecting St. Dominic having been instructed by our Lady in the Devotion of the Rosary, are all of them veiled in obscurity. There is no doubt about the fact, but the place, time, and circumstances are all uncertain. The Dominican tradition assigns Prouille, in the department of Aude, where he founded his first convent, as having the strongest claims to be the spot where our Lady appeared. The time seems to have

been during his period of preaching to the heretics. The circumstances are thus narrated by a Dominican preacher of the sixteenth century :

We read that when he was preaching to the Albigenses, St. Dominic at first obtained but a scanty success ; and that one day complaining of this in pious prayer to our Blessed Lady, she deigned to reply to him, saying : " Wonder not that until now you have obtained so little fruit by your labours ; you have spent them on a barren soil, not yet watered by the dew of Divine grace. When God willed to renew the face of the earth, He began by sending down upon it the fertilizing dew of the Angelical Salutation. Therefore preach my Psalter, composed of 150 Angelical Salutations and 15 Our Fathers, and you will obtain an abundant harvest."¹

Whether this legend is authentic, we do not pretend to say ; but Catholic tradition asserts the indubitable fact, and Pope after Pope, from St. Pius the Fifth to Leo the Thirteenth, has declared that it was St. Dominic who was the first to make known to the world the prayer which is called the Holy Rosary.

We cannot attempt to trace the foundation of the Order of Friars Preachers. It met with the usual contradictions and difficulties. The action of St. Dominic in sending forth the brethren in twos and threes to preach all over the world, was condemned as the height of imprudence and was opposed by all. But he knew that it was the will of God, and a short time before, as he knelt in prayer, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul had appeared to him and bid him go preach, and as they disappeared he saw his brethren going forth two and two to carry the Word of God to all nations.

Around the early days of the Order gather a number of quaint stories of miracles wrought by the Saint and supernatural favours received from God, that we would fain quote if space allowed. His character was one of great natural as well as supernatural beauty. If we chose out one trait as prominent before the rest, it was his gentleness and compassion for others. For instance :

On a certain day, the Saint was travelling with several companions, and when the time came for them to dine, they found they had no more wine than would fill one small cup. The holy Father compassionated their needs, for some of his companions had been delicately nurtured in the world, and the want of wine was felt by them to be a hardship, specially during the heat and fatigue of a long foot journey. He there-

¹ From a Sermon by Cornelius de Snecka, quoted in *Life*, p. 122.

fore desired the cup of wine to be poured into a large vessel, the bottom of which it scarcely covered, and then bade them fill it up with water. When this was done, the vessel was found to be full of wine up to the very brim, and those who drank of it, who were to the number of eight, declared that in their whole lives they had never tasted any more excellent. (pp. 297, 298.)

The latter portion of St. Dominic's life was occupied in journeying from place to place, preaching and establishing everywhere new foundations of Friars Preachers. The chapter on the Dominicans in England will have a special interest to many readers. The account of his death and the wonders that followed it are but the natural, or rather supernatural, accompaniment of his holy life, and a concluding chapter relates the history of his canonization.

We have rarely read a Life of a Saint so well balanced in its choice of suitable narrative, anecdotes, and description with which the story is told with such an easy flow of well-chosen words. The illustrations, which are beautifully executed, add not a little to its interest. It will remain as the standard English Life of the Saint, and we hope that in the refectory of every Order in English-speaking lands may soon be heard the graceful language of this most edifying and valuable book, and that it may be read very widely by all who desire to know and to imitate the sanctity of this great servant of Christ.

2.—A CHRISTIAN APOLOGY.¹

The second volume of the Oscott translation of Dr. Schanz's *Christian Apology* has followed quickly on the first. The former volume dealt with the apologetical questions raised by the results of natural science; the volume which now appears has for its subject-matter Revelation, especially the Revelation of Jesus Christ. It may be called, therefore, in a strict sense, the Christian Apology, what went before being only preparatory. The author's programme is most comprehensive. He starts with a comparative study of religion, commencing with the Indo-Germanic tribes, and passing through Chinese, Egyptian, and Semitic religions, to finish with those of the uncivilized

¹ *A Christian Apology.* By Paul Schanz, DD., D.Ph. Translated by the Revs. Michael F. Glancey and Victor J. Schobel, D.D. Vol. II. God and Revelation. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son; New York: Frederick Pustet, 1891.

racés. By this path he reaches the result that the fundamental ideas of religion have been, from the earliest times, more or less the common property of all nations. Everywhere there are signs of a primitive revelation, although it lies buried beneath the strange medley of errors and superstitions superimposed by human thought and imagination. This common inheritance of fundamental religious ideas is, in the Divine intention, a negative preparation for the reception of Christian truth. It was discerned even by the early Christian Fathers in the pagan creeds then known, and our extended ethnographical knowledge enables us to discover it as being, though in a less decisive form, a universal phenomenon.

The author then passes to the positive preparation for the Christian revelation, which of course is to be sought in the history of Israel. This leads him to discuss the attacks made on the revealed character of the Old Testament, and on the origin and history of the Canon by the advocates of the Wellhausen hypothesis.

Next follows a chapter on the non-Christian religions, that is to say, on Judaism, into which the old religion of Israel passed after the introduction of Christianity, and on Moham-medanism. Thus the ground is prepared for the very important chapter on the Origin of Christianity, a chapter which considers the charge that Christianity is no unique phenomenon, but, like every other historical religion, the outcome of a purely natural development out of pre-existing beliefs, the result of the fusion which, in the period preceding its origin, had taken place between Jewish and non-Jewish thought. This is a most useful chapter, and fortunately it is more simply and clearly written than some of the others. First the author establishes the distinct advance of Christianity beyond Judaism in the doctrines of Universalism, of the Incarnation, the Trinity, the Higher Motives of Action; then he points out the impossibility of deriving the new elements from Greek, Iranian, or Buddhist speculations.

The subjects dealt with up to this point have not been hitherto found in apologetic treatises. But it was high time they should be introduced, that we may not be defenceless on an entire side of our position, against which rationalistic assaults are particularly directed.

From this stage the treatise enters upon the beaten track, though it discusses the ordinary topics in much fulness and

with a reference to modern results which is another distinct advance on previous works. First, the idea of revelation is analyzed, then the criteria of its existence, miracles and prophecies, are determined. Then follow the external evidences of the trustworthiness of Holy Scripture. At this point the author digresses to consider what is required by Inspiration, as a preliminary for investigating the internal evidences of the Gospels. The latter occupy the fifteenth chapter, and bring under our notice the relations of the Synoptics among themselves and to St. John. On this basis the nature of our Lord's office, claims, and personality can be examined, and thereby the foundations laid for another volume, which is to contain an apologetic treatise on the Church.

We have given this sketch of Dr. Schanz's programme in order that our readers may see how inviting it is, and we may add that their interest will be still further stimulated by an inspection of the table of contents. We are not aware of any other single book, Catholic or Protestant, which brings together so much matter, and we renew our thanks to the translators for giving it to us in so excellent an English dress. At the same time, duty compels us to renew also our regrets that the author should be so difficult to follow in his mode of expression. In his retrospect at the end of the present volume he acknowledges that "the thought is oftener suggested than developed," and that is just it. The result is great obscurity, making it exceedingly hard to ascertain the meaning, and scarcely even possible to ascertain it without a headache. Then Dr. Schanz has a habit of presupposing the facts and the controversies with which he is dealing to be known already to the reader, although the book is professedly intended "for the general taste," not for students. And, after all, even the students may reasonably complain that they come to the author to learn, not as already knowing, the assaults on the Christian position as well as its defences.

We are sorry to have to detract thus much from the ample praise it is our desire to accord to this *Christian Apology*. We can, however, as a set-off to these criticisms, cordially recommend the book as one which ought to be in the libraries of all interested in the defence of the faith. It is one which, in spite of the drawbacks mentioned, will well repay the hard thought required to understand it.

3.—ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA.¹

The popular account of the discoveries in Assyria and Babylonia, which Dr. Fr. Kaulen published some ten years ago, has been so favourably received, that a fourth edition has already been reached. The great interest in these discoveries has not diminished, in spite of the disputes and personal quarrels of the so-called Assyriologists; on the contrary, it seems that popular books on this subject are in demand, while scientific books are scarcely read. Assyriology has a peculiar fate: developed from interesting accounts of wonderful travels, fostered by the great interest for Biblical research, admired for its archæology and grand results, feared by faithful theologians of diverse creeds as an attack upon the Bible, it ended by being neglected and despised by exact philologists. The great fault here, as in so many other branches of learning, was that writers began to treat the subject without taking the trouble of learning it. In archæology the difficulties are greater than in mere philology: the inscriptions are all fragmentary, without title, without known context, without any commentary, in an unknown language, and in an overwhelming number of small fragments. No wonder that many contradictory accounts of the new discoveries were published in order to draw the attention of the public to the importance of these ancient remains, without giving a final explanation of any inscription. This state of research makes it difficult to an outsider to distinguish between well-ascertained results and hasty theories. Although Dr. Kaulen gives a fairly complete list of all Assyriological publications at the end of his book, he clearly shows what great difficulties he experienced in selecting his materials from this confused mass.

After a short introduction on the importance of Babylonian and Assyrian history for the Bible history, he treats the geography of Mesopotamia, gives a clear description of the two principal rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and goes on to the narrative of the discoveries of Ninive. He furnishes an interesting account of the work of Rich, Botta, Place, Layard, Rawlinson, George Smith, and Rassam on the ruins of Ninive

¹ *Assyrien und Babylonien* nach den neuesten Entdeckungen von Dr. Fr. Kaulen, Professor der Theologie zu Bonn, vierte Auflage. Freiburg im Breisgau, Herder, 1891. 1 vol. 8vo, xii. 286 pages.

in the neighbourhood of the modern Mosul, summarizing the respective works of these explorers, and examining their value. As nearly all the results of these explorations are either in the Louvre or the British Museum, short references to the respective catalogues of those collections would have increased the practical value of this chapter, and the references would have been a safeguard against minor inaccuracies in details. Occasional remarks on the knowledge of his authorities, as on p. 39, show that the author was cautious not to be misled by the mere assertions of some explorers, but on the other hand he has not always been successful in avoiding this danger. Unless a writer has a personal acquaintance with the directors of the principal collections of Assyrian antiquities and a personal contact with Assyrian scholars, and has studied their scientific works, it is nearly impossible for him to estimate aright the value of an Assyriological publication.

For some time public lectures were delivered at the British Museum and printed, not by the authorities and by scholars, but as a new literary and pecuniary enterprise, and these lectures and popular publications greatly discredited the scientific value of Assyriological research. It is a great merit of the present Principal Librarian of the British Museum that he has discouraged this kind of charlatanism, and has promoted more serious work by enforcing order in the respective departments of the Museum, and by preparing a scientific catalogue of the Assyrian collection. Dr. Kaulen's book would have gained very much by occasional references to these official publications of the Museum, to the Catalogue of the Kouyundjik Collection, or to the Western Asia inscriptions.

The best chapter of the book is the fourth, which gives a summary of the work of Botta and Place, and a full description of the palace of King Sargon in Khorsabad, outside of Mosul, where the excavations have been carried out in the most systematic way. The fifth chapter gives a description of the discoveries in Babylonia, the ruins near Hillah, Babil, Birs-i-Nimrud, and in Southern Babylonia: Warka, Niffer, Mukeyr, Abu-Shahreïn, Tel-Loh &c. Although the interest in Babylonian antiquities is now very great, it is nevertheless very difficult to get an exact account of the different excavations or rather attempts at excavation in Babylonia, as the different expeditions wish to keep their proceedings secret, in order to avoid jealousy or to lessen the difficulties of exporting the antiquities. Many

interesting sites could be identified from known inscriptions, if it could be ascertained where they came from originally, and further explorations would be more successful if they could be carried on with more regularity and security.

In the sixth chapter a history of the deciphering of the Cuneiform Inscriptions is given, beginning from Pietro della Valle, 1621, down to the latest Assyriological publications, compiled from various bibliographical notes. If some attempt had been made to distinguish between original research, and compilation at second and third hand, this chapter would be greatly improved thereby. As it is now, it rather tends to mislead the reader as to the value of the different works quoted. In the two following chapters on the Babylonian and Assyrian Literature and the Results of the Cuneiform Studies, the leading idea of the author is to give extracts from the inscriptions as far as they are interesting for the study of the Bible, but he is afraid to follow any scholar in particular: he gives a free translation of inscriptions, without having seen the text and without knowing the context of the selected passages. It is well known, that many of the English translations of George Smith or Boscawen or Pinches are as unintelligible in English as they are in Babylonian, and no skill of a translator is able to make sense from disconnected fragments. Every attempt at modernizing such translations as are printed in the *Records of the Past* will discredit the results of Assyriology. If the author had taken into consideration the articles in the *Expositor*, September, 1886, 1887, 1888, or the Preface of S. A. Smith's *Keilschrifttexte Asurbanipals* (p. iii.), or if he had referred to *Kurzgefasster Ueberblick ueber die Babylonisch-Assyrische Literatur*, by Dr. Carl Bezold, Leipzig, 1886, he would have certainly greatly improved this chapter to the advantage of the whole book. As the author seems to fear that the results of the new discoveries might be used as attacks against the revelation of the Bible, greater care in selecting true and sound translations should have been taken, and certainly some leading Assyriologists might have been willing to help the author if he had asked them.

The book is well got up, fully illustrated with eighty-seven engravings and two maps, and is very cheap (about four shillings). It is sure to run through several editions, and for a further edition it would be well to make one or two changes in the last four chapters. In chapter v. it would be well to

show how far the Assyriologists are indebted to each other. In chapter vi. some distinction is needed between those who prepare inscriptions for publication, and those who reproduce those already translated, and propound grand theories on texts that they are unable to read. In chapter vii. we should be glad of some reference to the official Catalogue of the Cuneiform Tablets in the Kouyundjik Collection of the British Museum, by C. Bezold.

In chapter viii. a short history of Assyria and Babylonia with exact references would be very acceptable. In spite of all the many books mentioned in chapter ix. as the "literature," it is still impossible to study Assyriology, or to understand the difficulties which are connected with this branch of archæology, without the collections of the British Museum. The so-called Library of Assurbanipal, which has been described so often in popular lectures, since Layard brought these tablets from Ninive more than forty years ago, is still buried in the British Museum. Only last year the fragments were numbered, and it will take still many years before a short description of those fragments will be published in the official Catalogue. Only then it will be possible to begin the study of these fragments, and no professor at Leipzig or Baltimore or Goettingen will be able to speak about the contents of those tablets without coming to London and examining them himself. The results of Assyriology can be watched and controlled only at the place where the collections are, and no one can advance Assyriology without being able to examine an original inscription; it would be of great importance in a future edition of the book to use only such publications as are based on original research made by competent men, either in the British Museum or in the Louvre, since all other works are more or less misleading. If this principle had been adhered to, many inaccuracies in smaller details would have been avoided. This work is certainly worth translating into English on account of the fulness of its matter and clearness of its arrangement, but it will be desirable to make the corrections suggested above.

4.—EPISCOPAL INSIGNIA.¹

Mgr. Rinaldi-Bucci has many titles affixed to his name on his title-page besides those which we have transcribed from it. He is, besides, a canon of Sta. Maria in Trastevere, and he has been censor of the *Accademia* of sacred Liturgy. He has claims enough to our respect, and we take up with much interest the little book on episcopal insignia issued by one who has been Dean of the Pope's Masters of Ceremonies. We are bound to say that, though we have found in it various interesting pieces of information, we have looked for more than we found, with a certain sense of disappointment. For instance, the first subject treated of is a Bishop's buskins, and it is vexatious to be simply told that once they were worn by priests, deacons, and subdeacons as well as by Bishops, but that this has gone into disuse. It would have been a pleasure to have been told when and in what country this usage prevailed, and it would have been easy, one would think, to the man who knew of such a custom to have told us where he learnt about it. Again, he says that they are used by Cardinal Bishops and Priests. He leaves out Cardinal Deacons, without telling us why, and of course we look to a Papal master of ceremonies for instruction on all the details connected with the Pope's chapel. We take for granted that it means that Cardinal Priests celebrate Pontifical Mass in their titular churches, and that, as he says, when speaking of the mitre, Cardinal Deacons, even though they may be consecrated Bishops, never wear pontifical vestments in their deaconries. Thus, he says, the precious and the gold mitre is never worn by a Cardinal Deacon, but only the damask mitre, when assisting with the Sacred College at the Papal High Mass.

Of the pectoral cross our writer says, that it was not until the end of the thirteenth century that it came to be counted amongst a Bishop's insignia. St. Thomas, Innocent the Third, and Durandus all pass it over in silence. It is interesting to read of St. Willibrord wearing his cross in a journey, and that St. Gregory of Tours had a gold cross that he used to wear with relics of our Lady, the Apostles, and St. Martin, with which cross he extinguished a fire that could not be put out with water. Here, too, we look in vain for a word that the

¹ *De Insignibus Episcoporum Commentaria.* Auctore Petro Josepho Rinaldi-Bucci, SSmi.D.N. ab intimo cubiculo, a cæremoniis S.R.C. et Sedis Apostolicæ Decano emerito, etc. Ratisbonæ: Pustet, 1891.

author could so easily have given us about the Pope. When Pius the Ninth came to the throne it was said that he, having long been a Bishop, and accustomed to wear the pectoral cross, continued to do so as Pope, though this was not the practice of his predecessors. In this usage he has been followed by our present Holy Father, doubtless for the same reason. We should have been glad to have learned from Mgr. Rinaldi-Bucci whether this was so.

Of the gloves we have a pretty story told by St. Gregory of Tours, that St. Ambrose fell asleep upon the altar in his church at Milan for the space of three hours, between the *Lectio* and the Epistle, and during that time he was present in a silk *cappa* at the funeral of St. Martin, when he left a glove behind him. The people of Tours not only declared that they had seen him with their own eyes, but there was the glove to show.

In the chapter on the ring we are glad of the information our author gives us of the seal of the Fisherman. When the Pope dies, his Fisherman's ring is broken by the Master of Ceremonies, which custom, Mgr. Bucci tells us, is not more than four centuries old; the new seal, when the name of the Pope has been engraved upon it, is given by the newly-elected Pope to the *maestro di camera*, for this, we suppose, is the interpretation of our author's Latin, *præsuli magistro admissionum*. Pope Leo the Thirteenth gave his Fisherman's ring to Mgr. Cataldi. The ring is put upon the Pope's right hand by the Cardinal *Camerlengo* at the adoration of the new Pope in St. Peter's. Leo the Thirteenth was *Camerlengo* himself, and he sent Mgr. Cataldi with the Fisherman's ring to Cardinal Schwarzenberg, who placed it on the Pope's hand. This is the seal that is used with red wax for Briefs, which may be distinguished from Bulls and all other Apostolic documents thereby. One more curious point is that Greek Bishops used not to wear the ring, and in modern times have borrowed the usage from the Latins. Mgr. Bucci has not a word about the ring-finger, or the change from the forefinger to the fourth, which is said to be due to the reverence paid to the Blessed Sacrament. The ring is a mark of honour, like a coronet, and it was felt to be unfitting that the finger that touched our Lord, should be crowned.

The chapter on the mitre is fuller than the others. We learn that some well-informed writers assert that the use of the mitre cannot be traced further back than the year 1000 A.D.,

while others say that it was granted as a privilege by the Popes to particular Bishops. Leo the Fourth, in 847, granted the use of the mitre to Anscharius, Bishop of Hamburg, and his successors, and Alexander the Third, in 1159, to Godewald, Bishop of Utrecht. St. Bernard says that Innocent the Second took the mitre from his own head and put it on the head of St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh. Mgr. Bucci carries the use of the mitre in some shape or other back to Apostolic times, and quotes a letter of Theodosius, Patriarch of Constantinople in 879, who claimed to have the mitre and other pontifical ornaments of St. James, the brother of our Lord. Our St. Birinus, Bishop of Dorchester, who died in 650, was found with a red mitre of silk and a metal cross. Boniface the Eighth is said to have been found with a very small mitre made of cotton, which we should have supposed would rather have been called a cap. The far older mitre of St. Silvester the First, who became Pope in 314, is said to be preserved at San Martino ai Monti. It is round, a palm or nine inches in height, and pointed; the needlework on it is in blue silk or gold—our Lady carrying the Child Jesus, with an angel on each side in a dalmatic. This sounds interesting, but we should imagine that an antiquary would hesitate in acknowledging that such a mitre could be of so early a date.

The *Ordo Romanus* of 1271, speaks of the Pope's three mitres, and besides he had what has now become the tiara. This is called the *tiaregno* now. It originally was the *regno* with one crown, and it is far from certain when the second and third crowns were added. A Vatican MS. of the date of Pius the Second says that the *regno*, which was given by Constantine to St. Silvester, was brought by Eugenius the Fourth back from Avignon to Rome, and with it Nicholas the Fifth was crowned. Paul the Second seems to have assumed its use after it had been laid aside for a time. The whole subject is worthy of much further study, and little can be done to determine the history of mitre and tiara until all existing specimens are carefully figured, and statues and mosaics are brought to tell their story. We may add here that the Pope's white mitre is made of cloth of silver, that used by the Cardinals is of white damask silk, the damask showing the form of a large pine-apple; the Bishops' is of linen. Mgr. Bucci says that, though the Pope and Bishops wear their mitre when they kneel, the Cardinals who assist in the Papal chapel ought not to do so. The same

rule, we suppose, would hold for canons to whom the privilege of the mitre has been granted.

Under the title of pastoral staff, Mgr. Bucci naturally can throw no light upon a recent controversy in England, whether it should or should not be called a crozier, but he gives the name of *croccia* to a staff like the letter T, which Oriental Bishops use. We should have been thankful for some more information respecting the *ferula*, which we learn was at one time used by the Popes. As to the staff, we are told that St. Peter gave his to St. Eucharius, first Bishop of Trèves, and that by it St. Maternus, his companion, was brought to life. At Trèves it is said to be kept to this day, and authors affirm, that if the Pope were to sing Mass at that city, he would use it. It is certain, however, that the Pope does not use the pastoral staff. Mgr. Bucci says it is partly on account of the history aforesaid, which we must venture to doubt, and partly because the pastoral staff with its curved head signifies limited jurisdiction, and again, that the giving of the staff to Bishops imports their receiving their jurisdiction from the Pope, to whom any such ceremony would be inapplicable, as his jurisdiction comes direct from God. Mgr. Bucci is of opinion that Abbots made use of a pastoral staff long before they received the use of episcopal insignia from the Holy See. We should have been glad to hear something more of the veil attached to the staff of an Abbot, which our writer just mentions and no more.

The last chapter is on the pallium, but we have not noticed anything in it that strikes us as new. In the list of days on which an Archbishop may wear his pallium, Mgr. Bucci passes over in silence the new feasts that have been lately introduced, as, for instance, the Immaculate Conception, as may be found in the revised Pontifical, and, if we are not mistaken, in a recent Decree of the Congregation of Rites. We look in vain for any mention of the *fanon*, by which we mean of course not the maniple, that at one time was called by that name, at least in England, but the curious striped silk tippet worn by the Pope. We do not even see it mentioned that the Pope wears red even when present at a black Mass. We are told that the Pope, like all Bishops, does not wear sandals at a Mass for the Dead; this seems to imply that His Holiness sometimes celebrates Mass for the Dead in pontificals, but that, surely, is not the case. When the Pope gives the absolution at the funeral of a deceased Cardinal he wears a red cope. This, and much more information

of the same sort, we should have thankfully received from an authority so well informed as Mgr. Rinaldi-Bucci. Perhaps he may give us another edition some day of his little treatise on episcopal insignia, with far fuller information respecting the interesting usages of the Papal chapel.

5.—LIFE OF MAMERTUS CLAUDIANUS.¹

Amongst the ecclesiastical writers of the fifth century is to be found Mamertus Claudianus. Few details about his life have survived, and of these few most are little more than conjectures. Indeed, it does not seem to be certain whether he should be called Mamertus Claudianus, or Claudianus Mamertus, although it is probable that Mamertus was his surname, which he had received from his brother, St. Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne. It is probable that Claudianus was born between the years 420 and 430, since he was the intimate friend of St. Sidonius, whom he calls his "most loving brother." St. Sidonius was born about the year 431, and had there been much disparity of age between him and Claudianus, the one would not have addressed the other with such an expression of equality. The place of Claudianus' birth is likewise uncertain, since there is no document extant to determine it. Many suppose him to have been born at Vienne, probably from the fact that his brother was Bishop of that town. But it is certain that Claudianus resided for some years at Lyons. There probably he was born, of parents who had gone thither from Vienne to escape the invasion of the barbarians. He seems to have made his studies at Lyons, where he became intimate with St. Eucherius and St. Sidonius. In his youth he entered a monastery, according to some that of Grigny, near Vienne, where he made himself so familiar with Christian philosophy and theology. After his ordination he was summoned by his brother, St. Mamertus, who was older than himself and then Bishop of Vienne, to assist him as vicar in the administration of his see. The rest of his life he spent in aiding his brother in the affairs of the diocese. He devoted himself to good

¹ *Mamerti Claudiani Vita, ejusque Doctrina de Anima Hominis.* Thesim Facultati Litterarum Parisiensi proponebat R. de la Broise. Parisiis: Apud Retaux-Bray, Editorem, 1890.

works of every kind and even found time to employ the arts, such as music and poetry, for pious purposes. To him is attributed by some the hymn: *Pange lingua gloriosi prælum certaminis*, although the weight of authority is in favour of St. Fortunatus of Poitiers as its author. Claudianus died a few years before his brother, St. Mamertus, probably about the year 473 or 474.

In addition to two letters, the one to Sidonius and the other to Sapandus, there is preserved a work of Claudianus in three books, entitled *De Statu Animæ*, in which he displays great learning and subtlety of mind. Faustus, at one time Abbot of the celebrated Monastery of Lerins, and afterwards Bishop of Riez, in Provence, wrote a letter or small work to some Bishop, in which, amongst other things, he asserts that nothing except God is incorporeal, and that certain substances, such as angels and the human soul, can be said to be spiritual, but not incorporeal. In order to confute Faustus and to establish the immateriality of the soul, Claudianus composed the work *De Statu Animæ*. He proves by various arguments from reason and authority that the soul is incorporeal; but whilst confuting one error he unfortunately falls into another. He maintains that angels, like men, are composed of two substances, body and spirit.

We have to thank M. de la Broise for a valuable contribution to the history of Claudianus and his doctrine about the soul. In a work which he calls a thesis submitted to the Parisian Faculty of Letters he first gives us all that is known about Claudianus himself and then he examines his doctrine. He arranges in order the several arguments which Claudianus employs to show that the soul of man is incorporeal. He speaks of Claudianus' view concerning motion, time, and place, and of their relation to the soul. He shows us what Claudianus thought of life and living things, and of the powers and acts of the soul. He points out the sources from which Claudianus derived his doctrine, and he tells us that Claudianus considered himself a Platonist, but yet was more of an Aristotelian than he thought. Finally, he concludes by comparing the doctrine of Claudianus with that of more recent philosophers, and admits some similarity of ideas and method between the priest of Vienne and the philosopher of Tours. Whether Descartes had ever read Claudianus' work is uncertain.

M. de la Broise has made the whole subject interesting. In

the historical parts he shows critical acumen and independent judgment. In the philosophical parts he speaks with great clearness, and we have to praise his remarks about motion, time, and place, which precede his exposition of Claudianus' opinion concerning them. By inserting those remarks, he has made it far easier to understand Claudianus himself. After having read the thesis of M. de la Broise, the impression is left upon us that Claudianus only serves as a frame-work upon which M. de la Broise extends his ability and learning, and we hope that they may be hereafter employed upon some more original and independent work.

6.—LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN JUVENAL ANCINA.¹

Father Charles Bowden in his prefatory notice to the newly published *Life of Blessed John Juvenal Ancina*, says that "the volume has been compiled by a careful and experienced hand." It needs but the perusal of a page or two of the work to feel the justice of Father Bowden's words. Though mainly taken from Father Bacci, the book is no mere translation that we have before us, but a thoroughly English book, excellently thought out and expressed.

The only thing that it is in our power to do with a book like this, is to place one or two extracts before our readers as specimens of what they will find if, as we trust, they make the book their own. And we do so, mindful of the fact that our pages have already contained a brief summary of this beautiful Life. We select therefore a couple of anecdotes which were not contained in that superficial sketch. Here for instance is the sort of gratitude that this companion of St. Philip showed to a benefactor, and the judgment formed by him of how even trifles may be regarded as marks of a good-will and real benefactions.

Mgr. Sforza, Bishop of Conversano, sent the servant of God one day a parcel of sweetmeats or preserves. He was just going out when he received it, and, turning to a lay-brother, he gave them to him at once to distribute amongst the Fathers, and bade him register the name of the Bishop in the roll of benefactors of the house, in order that he

¹ *The Life of Blessed John Juvenal Ancina, companion of St. Philip Neri, Bishop of Saluzzo.* Edited by Charles Henry Bowden, Priest of the Oratory. London: Kegan Paul, 1891.

might share in the prayers of the community. But fearful lest this latter should be forgotten, he returned after he had gone some way, to make sure that it was not omitted. This tender gratitude greatly edified the two priests who had brought the parcel; and one of them placed himself under the direction of the servant of God, and eventually entered the Congregation. (p. 78.)

This may well come under the heading of "his likeness to St. Philip." And so also does the simple-hearted confidence in God betrayed in the following story.

Wishing one day to send a heavy parcel to a poor woman who lived some way from the Oratory, Juvenal saw a peasant passing, leading a little ass with a light load; so he said, "My good man, will you do me the favour to carry these things to the house of such and such a sick woman," giving him many minute directions how to find the house. But seeing the poor man was too puzzle-headed to follow them, he broke off and said abruptly: "Well, never mind, go on, and your beast will show you the way." The ass went some distance, and after taking several turns, at length stood still before a certain house, and could not be induced even by blows to stir a step further. The countryman then recollected what the servant of God had said to him, and knocking at the door opposite to which the ass stood, he found it was the very house where the poor sick woman lived to whom Juvenal had sent the clothes. (p. 79.)

What work for souls meant in those heroic days we learn in a paragraph that describes the way in which Blessed Juvenal spent his time in the Naples Oratory.

He preached no less than four or five regular sermons a week, all carefully prepared, studied, and matured in prayer; he was indefatigable in teaching Christian doctrine; he instructed the novices in theology; he rose before daybreak to say his Office that he might have time to hear what he called "the torrent of confessions;" he was ever in the church or in the confessional—so overwhelmed was he, in fact, with the demands made upon him, that he wrote to his brother that he could hardly find time on Saturdays even to have his tonsure shaven. (p. 107.)

The most striking feature in the life of Blessed Juvenal is his dread of the episcopate which was ultimately laid upon his shoulders by the Vicar of Christ, and the simple childlike means he adopted to escape from it. His flight from Rome is one of the quaintest things to be found in the *Lives of the Saints*. In the depth of winter at daybreak, with a single companion he started northward on horseback from the Carthusian Monastery of Santa Maria degli Angeli; but as he forgot in each place he came to that his only disguise would be to refrain from his

customary works of charity and zeal, and especially from preaching, he naturally betrayed his whereabouts at every town that he visited. "After five months, however, the travels of Juvenal, which had been prompted by humility, were brought to a close by obedience." At the Pope's bidding, the Fathers of the Roman Oratory sent him a letter requiring him to return, and though the Pope's purpose was that he might appoint him Bishop of Saluzzo, Divine Providence gave Blessed Juvenal four more years of peace in his beloved Oratory before the day came when, with St. Francis of Sales, he was preconized Bishop by Clement the Eighth. A little more than two years elapsed, some portion of which time was spent before he could take possession of his see, and in the year and a half remaining Blessed Juvenal worked wonders in the poor desolate diocese that had been confided to him. He died a martyr's death, and he himself, through charity for the miserable man that had caused his death, prevented any authentic record being taken of the manner in which his life had been taken from him. St. Philip Neri is represented in a red chasuble, and such would most certainly be the most fitting way to represent his worthy son, Blessed Juvenal Ancina.

7.—CIVIL PRINCIPALITY OF THE VICAR OF CHRIST.¹

Father Collingridge's pamphlet is one that all Catholics will read with interest. His argument is (1) that the Roman Pontiffs belong to the order of Melchisedech, and inherit the sovereignty which belongs to this order; and (2) that our Lord associates St. Peter in His own independence of any earthly monarch. The words on which he relies are those relating to the tribute-money, in which the Apostle is included in the "children" who are free from the claim of paying tribute either to spiritual or temporal power. As Christ united in Himself the office of Priest and King, so also the Apostle who is associated with Him has the kingly right to the Pontifical jurisdiction.

While we believe that our Lord's words in this passage really do bestow upon His Apostle the right to temporal sovereignty, we fear they will not have much weight with those outside the Church. The argument is not one that

¹ *Defence on Scriptural Grounds of the right of the Vicar of Christ to his Civil Principality.* By the Rev. C. F. P. Collingridge. London: Burns and Oates.

appears upon the surface. It is too subtle and too much of an elaborate inference to be of any use in popular controversy. We also think that it is in this pamphlet stretched too far. Because our Lord was King of Israel, therefore His Vicar is King of Rome and of the country around, is an inference that does not follow very directly from the premisses. Father Collingridge feels the strength of the difficulty which may be urged that our Lord's Kingdom was a universal one. His answer is that "Christ only laid claim to temporal rule in the country which belonged to Him by ancestral right and which became through foreign usurpation the foundation of the temporal patrimony of His Vicar in the land of the usurper. No doubt to Christ is given all power in Heaven and on earth. But having given to earthly things their temporal rights, He does not withdraw as Man what He has given as God. His territorial right was limited, and so is that of His Vicar."

Now we doubt whether this is a conclusive argument. Even assuming the correctness of Father Collingridge's explanation of the words, "Thy kingdom is not of this world," as meaning, "My right to rule on earth is built up neither on the force nor on the suffrage of the world," it is hard to see why the Pope should claim to exercise a dominion which our Lord possessed indeed but "waived." It would be fair to retort, If Christ waived it and won His empire by spiritual dominion, why should not the Holy Father do the same? Or it might be said, Christ's heaven-sanctioned right to rule is world-wide and not limited, and so the Pope's ought to be. The fact is that the argument from experience is of far more force in this matter as an argument than that from Scripture. The Pope must have temporal power, because it is necessary to the free exercise of his spiritual power as universal guide and teacher of all the earth. Yet the pamphlet contains so much that is suggestive and valuable that we hesitate to take exception to the force of any of the arguments urged in it. We recommend it to our readers as full of thoughtful suggestions, and, at all events, if not of decisive proofs, of confirmations from Scripture of the Temporal Power.

8.—LADY MERTON.¹

Interwoven with the thread of a narrative of no small interest, which is written in a vigorous and powerful style, and mingled with pleasant descriptions of the chief objects of attraction in and about Rome, *Lady Merton* contains a great deal of religious controversy. In fact it may be said that, one after another, all the principal objections urged against Catholicism by the ordinary Protestant disputant, are discussed and refuted in the course of the story. The scene opens on the Pincio, in 1878; the horses of the carriage in which Sir Henry and Lady Merton are seated run away, and are stopped in their headlong course by an American gentleman, between whom and the persons he has rescued a warm friendship springs up. Lady Merton is the daughter of an Anglican clergyman, who seeing the inconsistency of his tenets, drifts into general disbelief of Christianity. She is left friendless at his death; young, poor, proud, and exceedingly beautiful, of a singularly imaginative and nervous temperament, she fancies she can attain fame as a poetess, and is almost crushed by her failure. She meets, however, with one enthusiastic admirer, Sir Henry Merton, a widower with three children, who marries her, and whom she not only loves with all the passionate ardour of her soul, but worships as a god. On her way to Rome, where they intend to spend the winter, Lady Merton is introduced to her step-children, who are at school at Vevey. The daughter, Vivian, who plays a prominent part in the story, is a very naughty girl. She is sixteen years old, but in guile far beyond her age. Before she has been many hours with Lady Merton, she drives her nearly mad with jealousy; she is expelled from one school for planning an elopement with a disreputable American, and runs away from another with a wealthy Russian. After various escapades she is placed in a convent school, where she plays the pious and becomes a Catholic in order to annoy her father, who is a rabid Protestant, and induce him to remove her. This he does, and she concocts, with diabolical ingenuity, a scheme to ruin her step-mother and bring discredit on a priest who is a frequent guest at the house.

Meanwhile Sir Henry and Lady Merton make the acquaintance of all that is venerable and beautiful in Rome, Mr. Teller,

¹ *Lady Merton. A Tale of the Eternal City.* By J. C. Heywood. 2 vols. London and New York: Burns and Oates, Limited.

the American, acting as their *cicerone*. Himself a professed agnostic, this gentleman has a special aversion to Protestantism, and expounds and defends Catholic doctrine in a manner which lays him open to the suspicion of being "a Jesuit in disguise." In fact Sir Henry, who is a thorough "Briton," and who believes in nothing so firmly as the abominable superstitions of the Church of Rome, sometimes finds his able defence of Catholic practices a terrible bore. Not so Lady Merton; her impressionable and imaginative nature is fascinated by the ceremonial she witnesses in the churches, and by the teaching which she eagerly drinks in. Her experience was one in which many converts can sympathize.

Many of the notions with which she came to Rome, and which she had believed immovable as the everlasting hills, had already received shocks that disturbed their foundations, and the consciousness of this caused her a vague, troublesome apprehension. She was thinking how strangely it had happened that her one article of religion, belief in the absolute falsity of the Catholic claims, had been unsettled, not by a member of that body, but through an unbeliever in all religions. That he was an unbeliever did not sensibly distress her, but she was pained to hear him apologize for Roman Catholicism. She had conceived a great liking for the American. His love of logic, his loyal and honest submission to its conclusions, agreed with the principles which she had inherited from her father, and were a medium of sympathy between them. But now she was considering the question whether it might not be as well for her peace and safety to see much less of him. (vol. i. p. 175.)

Somewhat later, as conviction grows upon Lady Merton, Mr. Teller, when alone with her, asks abruptly why she does not join the Roman Church? To which question she gave this answer:

I will tell you frankly what I have said to no one else; I am nearly convinced that the Roman is the true, and strictly speaking, the only Church. Were I alone in the world, I might probably join it. But I cannot think of taking such a step as long as Sir Henry lives. He is the central sun of my system, and I am a sun-worshipper. This is lamentable, I suppose, but I cannot help it. The Christian Deity seems to me to be a fixed star, very cold and very far off, except when I am moved by bereavement, or by the rites and music of the Catholic Church. If I did feel the need of this faith, so long as my husband holds to his present views and feelings, I could not profess it. Such an act would distress him, and would separate us irreparably. (vol. ii. p. 132.)

The estrangement so much dreaded by Lady Merton comes from a very different source. A series of circumstances too long to be related here, becomes, in God's good providence, the means of her conversion. She offers her wounded pride as a sacrifice to God, and receives in reward the gift of faith. Sir Henry, too, is disabused of his prejudices and pride, so that both together enter the Church, and find rest and peace.

The secondary characters of this tale are very original and amusing, and the secondary incidents full of pathos and of romance. It is a well written and most interesting story.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE American Catholics with their wonted energy are providing for themselves a set of Catholic reading-books¹ to supplant the colourless and godless ones in use at the Public Schools. Dr. Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland, gives his venerable name to one of them. It is beautifully printed, well illustrated, and the contents are most interesting to children, and at the same time varied and instructive. It is replete with useful information, and still more useful moral and religious teaching. If any parent or teacher desires a thoroughly good reading-book for his little children, we can recommend him *The Catholic National Reader*, No. 3.

A short Life of the Blessed Angelina of Marsciano,² compiled from ancient documents, brings before our notice a Saint whose name is not well known, but who in gifts and virtues equalled some of the most eminent Saints. One incident in her life recalls the history of St. Cecilia. Although she had dedicated herself to God, Blessed Angelina yielded to her father's wishes and married a young nobleman. On the day of their espousals, the bridegroom following her to her chamber, beheld her conversing with a youth of singular beauty. Astonished at the sight of this celestial visitor, the Count asked what it meant, and on hearing that Angelina had made

¹ *The Catholic National Reader*, No. 3. By Right Rev. Dr. Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland. Benziger.

² *The Life of the Blessed Angelina of Marsciano, Virgin*. By the Hon. Mrs. A. Montgomery. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

a vow of virginity, he bound himself in the same manner. A year later he died, leaving Blessed Angelina free, at the age of seventeen, to take the religious habit. Calumniated and arraigned before the King on a charge of witchcraft, her innocence was proved by a miracle. She founded a convent at Foligno for the Third Order of St. Francis, where for forty years she practised the virtues of both the active and contemplative life. Sixteen other communities, offshoots of this parent house, were formed during her life-time, and after her death they spread rapidly in Italy and France.

In commemoration of having reached the fifty-fifth year of its existence, the *Wahrheitsfreund*, a German Catholic periodical published in America, presents its subscribers, of whom not a few are on this side of the Atlantic, with a neatly-bound little book.¹ It is the memoir of a Benedictine Abbot of modern times, Sebastian Wimmer, a Bavarian by birth, who entered the Benedictine Order in the year following his ordination to the priesthood. Animated with zeal for foreign missions, he went in 1846 to America for the purpose of founding a house of his Order in the United States. After successfully combating great difficulties, he established a novitiate at Pittsburg. In the wide field open to his activity he laboured untiringly; almost all, if not all the Benedictine monasteries now flourishing in the Northern States were founded by him. The interest of the Life is enhanced by numerous engravings of the places and personages mentioned in the text.

The Anglo-Irish Catechism of Donlevy² was published at Paris, in 1742, the thirtieth year, as the author tells us, of his exile from his native land. Father Hayden may well be congratulated on having rescued from threatened oblivion one of the latest specimens of literary Irish. Side by side with the text the author's somewhat quaint English version is given. The appended glossary, besides serving all the purposes of a dictionary, contains lucid and copious explanations of the more difficult idioms. We are glad to see that the editor has availed himself of the light thrown on certain grammatical puzzles by the learned Professor of Sanskrit in Trinity College, Dr. Atkinson, in the glossaries to the Irish texts which he has

¹ *Bonifaz Wimmer, Ein Lebensbild unserer Zeit.* Von P. Oswald Moosmüller, O.S.B. Jahrgang des *Wahrheitsfreund*. New York and Cincinnati: Benziger Brothers, 1891.

² *An Introduction to the Study of the Irish Language.* Based upon the Preface to Donlevy's *Catechism*. By Rev. William Hayden, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1891.

recently published. The editor's animadversions on the pleonastic use of certain particles and the divergence of certain verbal inflections from the ancient and more correct standards dispense us from calling attention thereunto. The type and get-up of the work do credit to the firm by whom it is published, but we must agree with an observation which has already appeared in print. The price will discourage many a would-be student of the Irish tongue from availing himself of this valuable addition to the native literature.

A new and very handsome edition of the Vulgate,¹ printed in clear and good type, has recently been published by M. Lethielleux. It is a reprint of the edition of 1861, and carefully corrected, and contains several useful Appendices. One of them is an explanation of the Hebrew and Chaldee proper names. We are a little surprised to see *Maria* explained to mean not only *Exaltata* or *Domina* (which is doubtless correct), but also *Mare amaritudinis*, as this latter meaning is suggested by piety rather than scholarship.

We often have to regret the ignorance of Catholics of the Holy Scripture, and yet we cannot approve a promiscuous distribution of Bibles after the mischievous fashion of Protestant Bible Societies. Canon Wenham has met the difficulty by issuing a Gospel History² which supplies at the same time a useful Harmony of the Life of our Lord and of the early ministry of the Apostles, and a book that all may read with interest and profit. For schools it will be invaluable, and it has the advantage of illustrations, of which we only regret that they are not more numerous.

Two more of Father Gerard's admirable scientific papers have been issued by the Catholic Truth Society.³ *The Game of Speculation* is an examination of some of the wild theories and assumptions that many modern Darwinians put forward as undoubted facts. *The Empire of Man* attacks the folly of eliminating God from the history of human development. The papers are most carefully argued, and are popular without being shallow.

¹ *Biblia Sacra Vulgate Editionis.* Juxta Editionem, cura et studio Caroli Vercellone, an. 1861 datam Romæ, recensita ad amussim. Parisiis: Lethielleux, 10, Via Cassette.

² *The Gospel History in the Words of the Evangelists.* By J. G. Wenham, Provost of Southwark. St. Anselm's Society.

³ *The Game of Speculation and the Empire of Man.* By the Rev. John Gerard. London: 21, Westminster Bridge Road.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* (July) opens with a few comments on the Encyclical of the Holy Father. It emphasizes the principal points of this, the most important utterance of recent times, and shows that the teaching of His Holiness on the Labour Question to be an application to the exigencies and circumstances of our own day of the doctrines held by the Church in all times. In a long article on the financial doctrines contained in the Gospel of Socialism according to Marx, Father Pesch is at the pains to prove that the representations of this agitator concerning the origin of capital in the present day are quite incorrect, and that his theory as to what constitutes value is supported by arguments logically fallacious, that it rests on an untenable hypothesis and is also at variance with the simple facts of daily experience. In refutation of the false statement of Protestants that previous to the Reformation religion was at its lowest ebb in Denmark, Father Schmitz quotes trustworthy authorities to show that the people were greatly addicted to practices of piety, such as reciting the Hours, processions, pilgrimages, almsgiving, &c. Father Dressel writes on the transmission of energy by means of electricity as hitherto accomplished in various countries over longer or shorter distances, and its utilization for lighting buildings and driving machines. The experiment about to be made at the Electrical Exhibition at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, to transmit thither three hundred horse-power from the falls of the Neckar, distant no less than one hundred miles, will, he states, if it succeed, mark a new epoch in the development of electrical industries. Father Kreiten contributes a review of two religious poems of great beauty both of thought and diction by German Catholic writers.

For the sake of Protestant readers, the *Katholik* (July) notices a pamphlet recently published in Nuremberg, commenting on a document purporting to have been issued by the Sacred College in 1735, containing schemes of an outrageous nature for the forcible suppression of heresy. It would hardly be worth while to disprove the authenticity of so evident a fabrication, were it not employed to excite and foster hatred of the Jesuits. The history is concluded of the prelates who,

supported by the Elector of Treves, encouraged the errors of Febronius, persistently opposed the authority of Rome, and even made alterations in the ordinances of the Church. The writer remarks upon the happy change the last hundred years has effected in the spirit of the Hierarchy in Germany. The Strasburg Reformer, Martin Bucer, is said to have been more influential in Southern Germany in spreading heresy than Luther himself. In evidence of the zeal and energy he displayed in the destruction of the very thing for which Protestants contend, liberty of conscience, some quotations from his writings are given in the *Katholik*. An enumeration of the various patriarchates of the Catholic Church and of the places which, on account of the different rites, are the see of more than one prelate, together with a brief notice of the services rendered to cosmography by a learned Benedictine of German nationality in the year 1470, complete the contents of this number.

In the pages of the *Civiltà Cattolica* (984, 985) a commentary is commenced of the recent Encyclical. It is very excellent, but it may rather be called a paraphrase or summary, since what is in itself so plain and clear needs little elucidation. The Encyclical is divided into four parts, of which the first, the refutation of Socialism, comes under consideration in the current issue. The present instalment of the archæological researches relating to the migration of the Hittites, gives an accurate description, with illustrations, of the ruins of Eyuk, in the remoter parts of Asia Minor, supposed by some to be the remains of a royal palace. A minute inspection of the bas-reliefs, which time has not succeeded in effacing from the walls, is said to lead rather to the belief that a large temple stood there, since the sculptures all represent sacrificial rites and ceremonies of religious worship. In concluding the review of Cantù's *Universal History*, the writer expresses his firm conviction that the consensus of public opinion in Europe and America with regard to the temporal dominion, will sooner or later compel the restitution to the Head of Christendom of the sovereign independence that appertains to his Pontifical dignity. The essay on Suggestion as an explanation of the phenomena of Hypnotism is continued. In order to determine the dates of the events recorded in the Book of Tobias, concerning the chronology of which much divergence exists in the various versions of Holy Scripture, the *Civiltà*, taking the Vulgate as the most trustworthy guide, carefully compares the dates it

gives with the records of the Assyrian monuments, to ascertain whether they are corroborated by the testimony of the latter. The Natural Science Notes take for their subject the difficulty of reproducing by the photographers' art the colours of the object photographed. Hitherto no attempt to obtain this result has been successful; the discovery of Lippmann, whereby the colours of the spectrum may be fixed, not being applicable to opaque objects. An account is also given of the experiments lately made at Civita Vecchia with the *palla nautica*, a submarine boat for placing torpedoes beneath the keel of vessels. It derives its name from its spherical form, and is likely to prove a deadly weapon in naval warfare.

We welcome the first number of *Pastoralia*,¹ a monthly journal for Priests. Such a periodical has been long wanted, and we strongly commend the energy and enterprise that has started it. It contains matter most interesting for priests. Father Bampfield writes with authority on Work in the Slums, and Father Buckley on Free Education. Canon Murnane contributes Notes for a Practical Sermon, and the odds and ends are suggestive and useful. We would recommend a monthly "case" on some topic of the day, and an invitation to priests to send questions, suggestions, facts bearing on the progress of the faith, on matters of education, and on the thousand and one subjects which are of sacerdotal and pastoral interest. Let *Pastoralia*, for instance, settle the disputed question whether the prayer *En ego* gains the Indulgence if said before a picture, not a crucifix. Excellent as Canon Murnane's notes of a sermon are, we recommend the omission for the future of this portion of the new periodical. Sketches of sermons abound, and most priests prefer to construct their sermons for themselves. We wish all possible success to this new venture, and hope that our readers among the clergy will send the editor the very modest sum for which it will be sent each month by post.

¹ *Pastoralia*: A Monthly Journal for Priests. 6, Agar Street, Strand, W.C. Subscription, 2s. 6d. a year. Post free.

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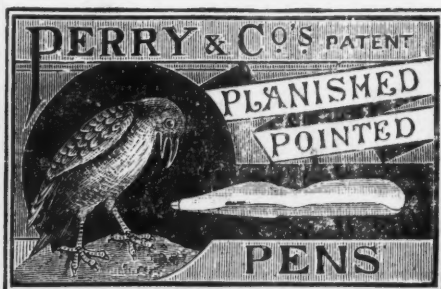
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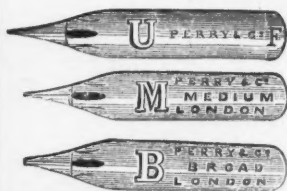


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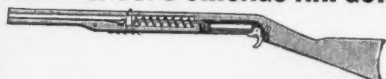
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